

SEPTEMBER

No. 14

10¢

SMASH COMICS



ESPIONAGE



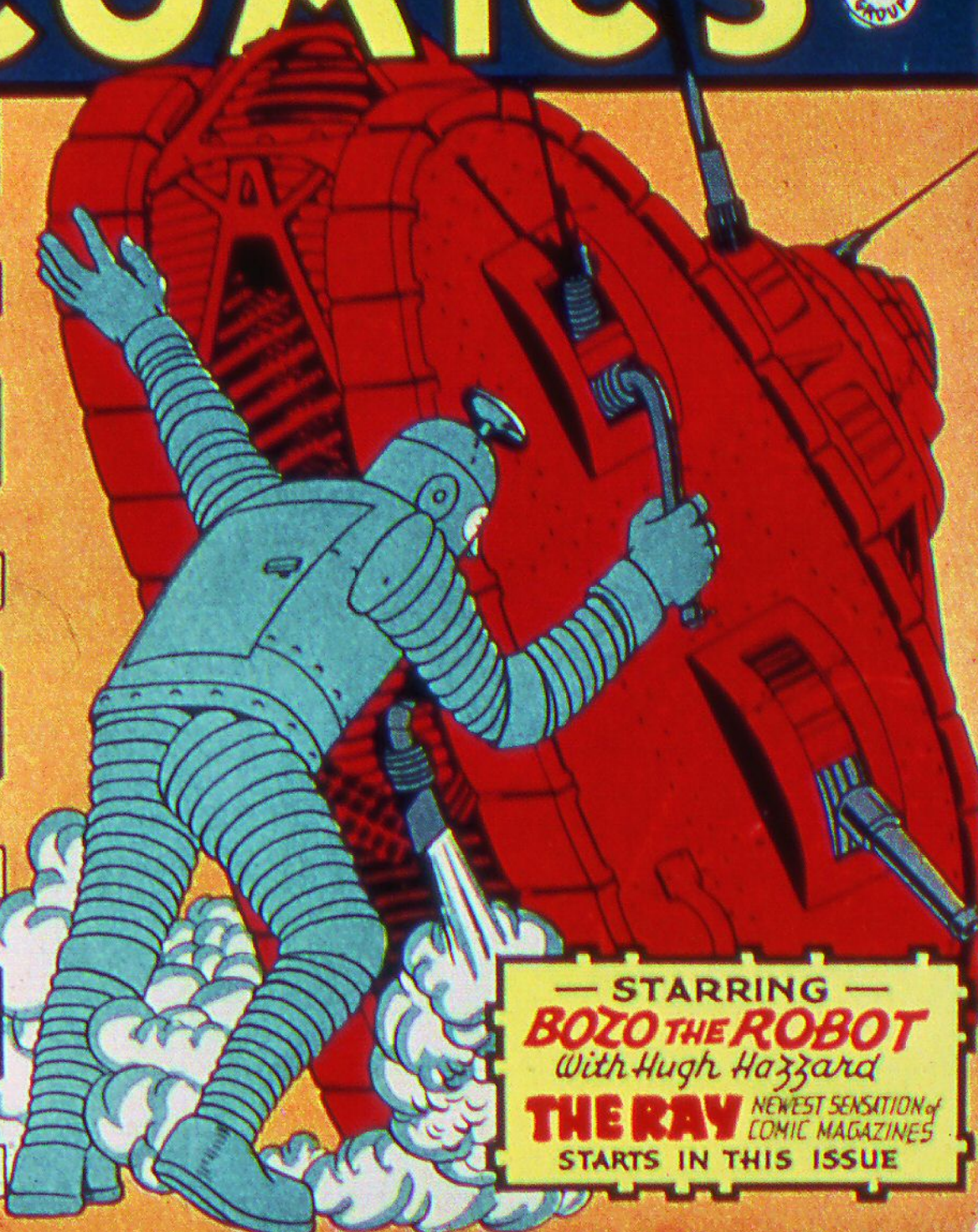
THE RAY



INVISIBLE HOOD



WINGS WENDALL



— STARRING —
BOZO THE ROBOT
With Hugh Hazzard
THE RAY NEWEST SENSATION of
COMIC MAGAZINES
STARTS IN THIS ISSUE



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

QUALITY COMIC GROUP

AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING COMIC MAGAZINES

FEATURE COMICS

starring

The Doll Man Samar Big Top
Lala Palooza Rance Keane
Zero, Ghost Detective
Reynolds Of The Mounted

CRACK COMICS

starring

The Black Condor The Clock
Alias The Spider Jane Arden
The Space Legion Ned Brant
Molly The Model

SMASH COMICS

starring

Espionage The Ray
Bozo The Robot Wings Wendall
Invisible Justice Abdul The Arab
The Purple Trio

NATIONAL COMICS

starring

Uncle Sam Merlin The Magician
Wonder Boy The Kid Patrol
Kid Dixon Pen Miller
Sally O'Neil, Policewoman

HIT COMICS

starring

Hercules The Red Bee The Strange Twins
Bob and Swab X-5 Super Agent
Betty Bates Neon, The Unknown

**BUY FEATURE COMICS, SMASH COMICS, CRACK COMICS,
NATIONAL COMICS AND HIT COMICS EACH MONTH
FROM YOUR REGULAR NEWSDEALER**

A YOUNGSTER WHO LIVED IN FALL RIVER
LUGGED PORK-CHOPS AND BACON AND LIVER,
ON A BIKE WITH NO BRAKE,
'TILL HIS LEGS USED TO ACHE,
FROM THOSE ORDERS HE HAD TO DELIVER!



THE BUTCHER HE WORKED FOR WAS JOLLY,
HE SAW THAT SUCH LABOR WAS FOLLY,
SAID, "I'LL GET YOU A BIKE,
'WITH THE BRAKE THAT YOU LIKE —
'A SWELL-COASTING MORROW, BY GOLLY!"



THE BIKE DEALER, QUITE WIDE-AWAKE,
WAS STRONG FOR THE STOUT MORROW BRAKE,
SO THEY PICKED OUT A BLINGER —
A NIFTY HUM-DINGER,
WITH A BRAKE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST MAKE!



NOW THE FALL RIVER FOLKS GET THEIR BACON,
THEIR PORK-CHOPS AND FRANKFURTS AND STEAK, ON
THE MINUTE THEY ASK IT —
RIGHT OUT OF THE BASKET,
'MOST AS SOON AS THE ORDERS ARE TAKEN!



IT'S THE MORROW THAT CAUSES THE HUSTLE —
TAKES THE HILLS WITHOUT EVEN A TUSSELE —
KEEPS HIM SAFE ALL THE TIME,
'CAUSE IT STOPS ON A DIME,
AND IT'S NOT NEAR SO HARD ON HIS MUSCLE!



**Make sure your new bike
has a MORROW
COASTER BRAKE**

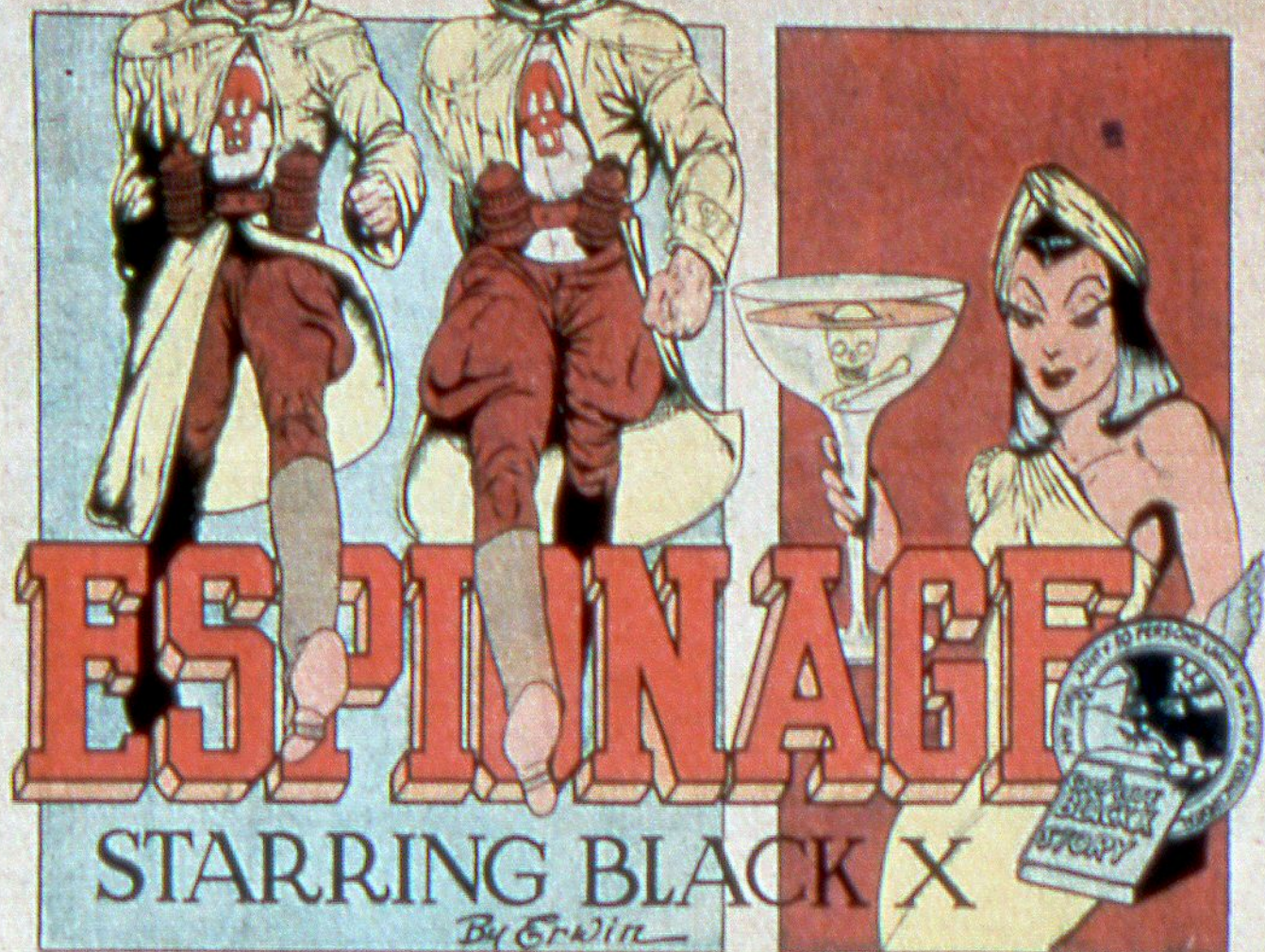
Famous for 40
years! Quick stop-
ping, easy pedal-
ing, long coasting;
more ball bear-
ings (20) than any
other brake. Your bicycle dealer can furnish a
Morrow Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for it!



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION • Elmsford, New York

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THE LEGION OF LIVING BOMBS



By Ervill



MEANWHILE
SOMEWHERE
IN THE ORIENT.



OUR PLAN WILL
SOON BE PUT TO
ACTION, COUNT
MIROV!



THE PAN-
AMERICAN
CONFERENCE
CONVENES
NEXT WEEK...
THE DELE-
GATES MUST
NOT ATTEND!
WE SHALL KILL
THEM ALL!

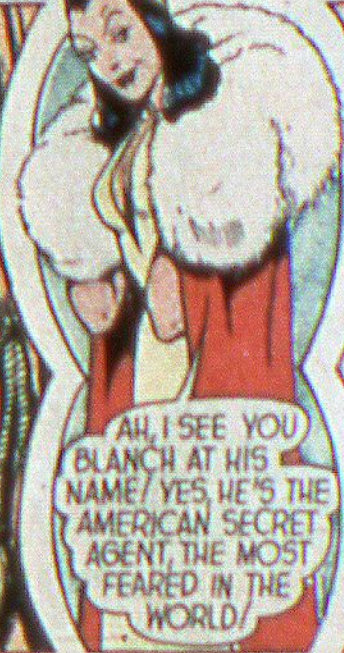
AND WHEN THE SOUTH
AMERICAN CONTINENT IS ALL
OURS... YOU, MY WISE, BEAUTIFUL
ONE, SHALL BE MY
EMPRESS!



NO, MIROV, WHEN MY JOB IS
DONE, WE PART! I AM IN LOVE
WITH SOMEONE ELSE... ONE
WHOM I CAN NEVER HOPE
TO HAVE... BLACK X!



B-BLACK X!



AH, I SEE YOU
BLANCH AT HIS
NAME! YES, HE'S THE
AMERICAN SECRET
AGENT, THE MOST
FEARED IN THE
WORLD!

TROUBLE NOT YOUR MIND,
MASTER. REMEMBER,
"THE HEART OF
WOMAN IS BUT A
MAZE IN WHICH
MAN OFT TIMES
LOSES HIS
WAY!"



WHILE
IN NEW
YORK.

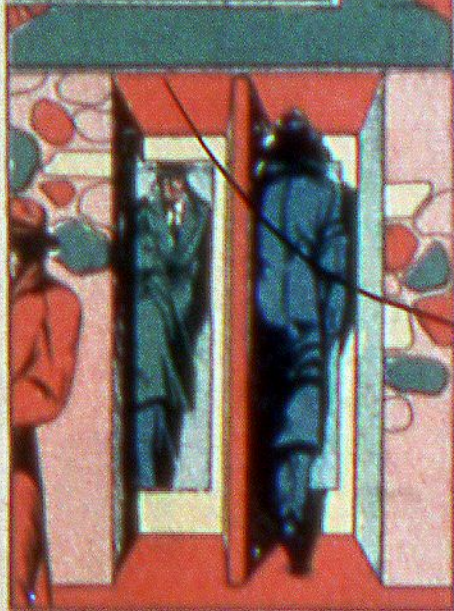


WELL, BATU, I'M GOING
TO MAIL MY RESIGNA-
TION. THIS IS THE END
OF BLACK X SECRET
AGENT!



DO NOT
ACT TOO
HASTILY,
MASTER!

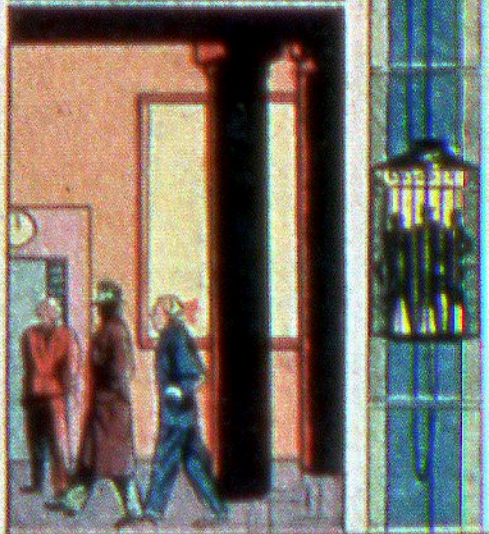
AS BLACK X LEAVES INTENT ON FIN-
ISHING HIS BUSINESS...



...A SILENT FIGURE COMES IN...



HE ENTERS THE ELEVATOR
WITH AMBASSADOR LORDEZ,
A REPRESENTATIVE TO THE
DAY-AMERICAN CONFERENCE



AMBASSADOR, IT IS
MY SAD DUTY TO INFORM
YOU THAT YOU ARE ABOUT
TO DIE!



A WASTED GESTURE, MY
FRIEND! IN A FEW SECONDS
YOU WILL BE BLOWN TO
YOUR MAKER!



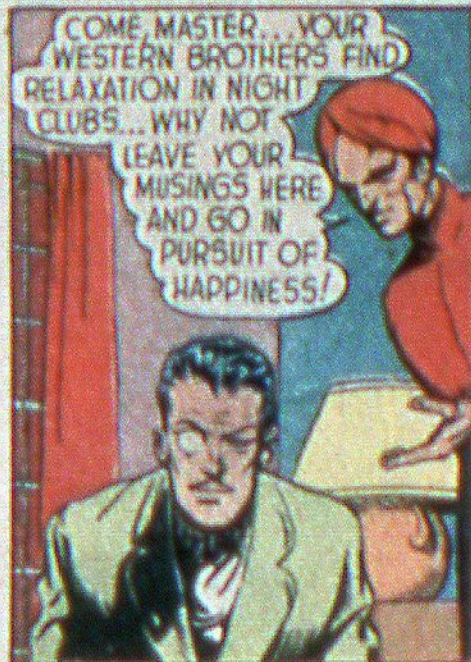
MYSTERIOUS
EXPLOSION
IN ELEVATOR

AMBASSADOR
LORDEZ KILLED!
STRANGE
ACCIDENT
TAKES LIFE
OF FAMOUS
DIPLOMAT!

MEANWHILE, BLACK X SITS IDLY AT HOME

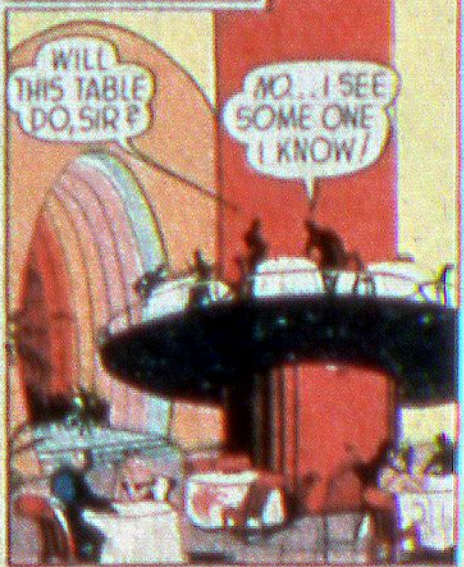


I ALMOST WISH THE
LETTER HADN'T BEEN MAILED!
AND YET... I COULDN'T GO ON
ANY LONGER... ALWAYS THE
ENEMY OF THE WOMAN
I LOVE!



COME, MASTER... YOUR
WESTERN BROTHERS FIND
RELAXATION IN NIGHT
CLUBS... WHY NOT
LEAVE YOUR
MUSINGS HERE
AND GO IN
PURSUIT OF
HAPPINESS!

ACTION ON BATU'S SAGE ADVICE,
BLACK X GOES TO THE FASHION-
ABLE "CLUB 13."



WILL
THIS TABLE
DO, SIR?

NO... I SEE
SOME ONE
I KNOW!



MADAM
DOOM!

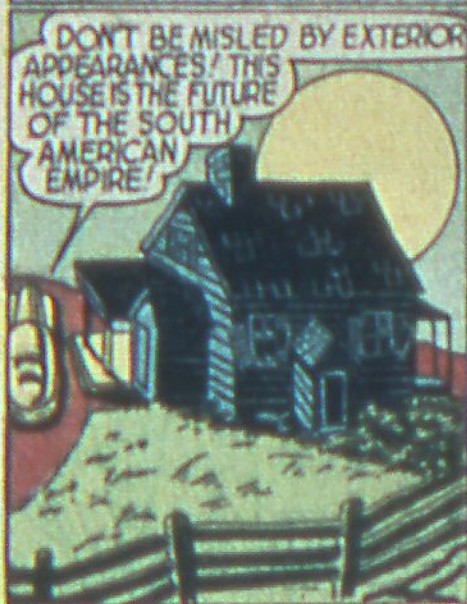
WHAT A CHARMING
SURPRISE, BLACK
X! TELL ME, IS IT
TRUE THAT YOU
HAVE RESIGNED
FROM THE
ESPIONAGE?



I AM HERE ON A TRULY
GREAT MISSION, COME WITH
ME... I THINK YOU WILL BE
INTERESTED IN
MY PLAN!

BLACK X GOES WITH HER TO A
SMALL COUNTRY SHACK.

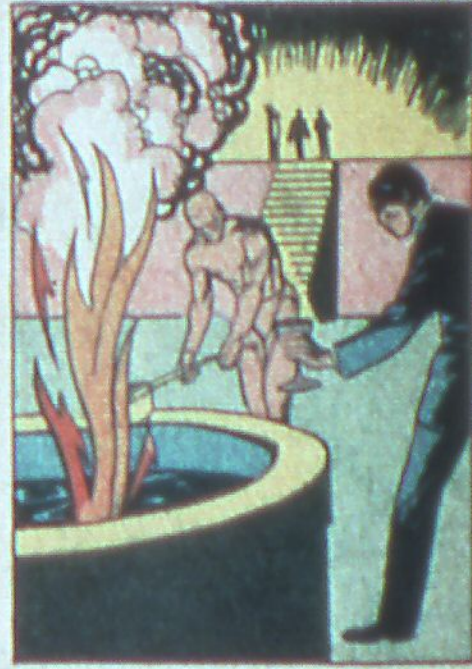
DON'T BE MISLED BY EXTERIOR
APPEARANCES! THIS
HOUSE IS THE FUTURE
OF THE SOUTH
AMERICAN
EMPIRE!



IMAGINE THE STRENGTH
OF AN ARMY OF HUMAN
BOMBS! MEN WHO
HAVE DRUNK AN
EXPLOSIVE LIQUID
WILLING TO SACRIFICE
THEIR LIVES!



I WILL SHOW YOU THE LOYALTY
OF OUR MEN. THERE IS ONE
WHO HAS NOT YET PARTAKEN
OF THE BURNING
FLUID! KASLOF!



I BRING MY
LIFE TO YOU,
FAIR LEADER, A
WILLING PAWN
FOR YOUR
GLORIOUS
EMPIRE!

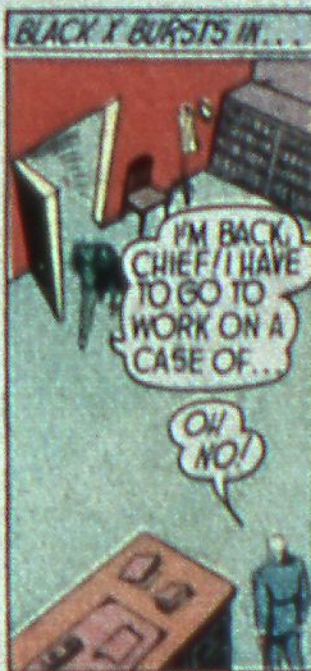
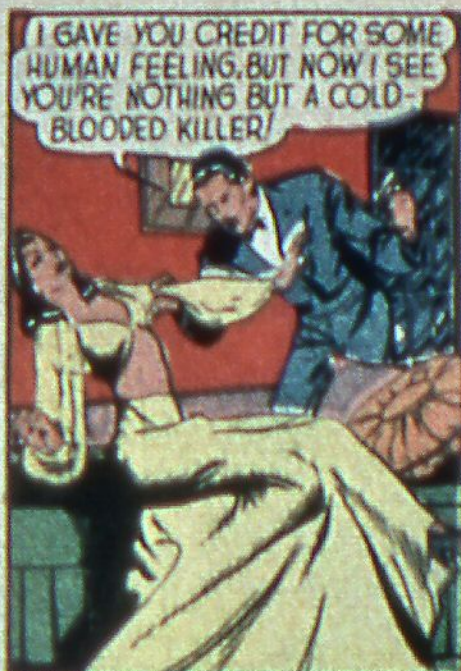
DRINK, KASLOF!
THE AMBASSADOR
TO PERU IS YOUR
VICTIM. WITHIN THE
HOUR YOU WILL
EXPLODE. GO QUICKLY!

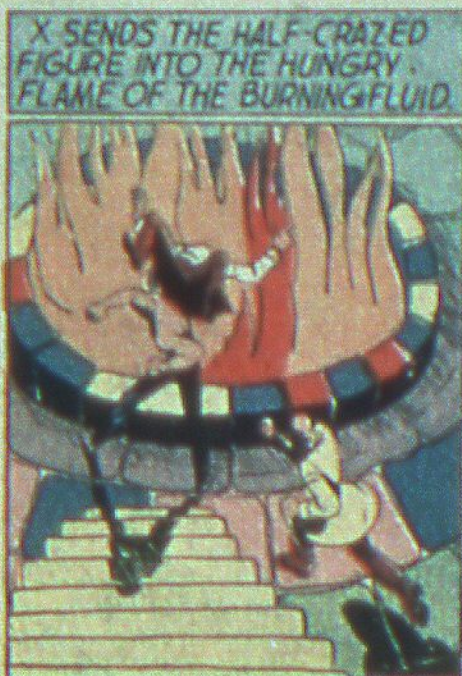
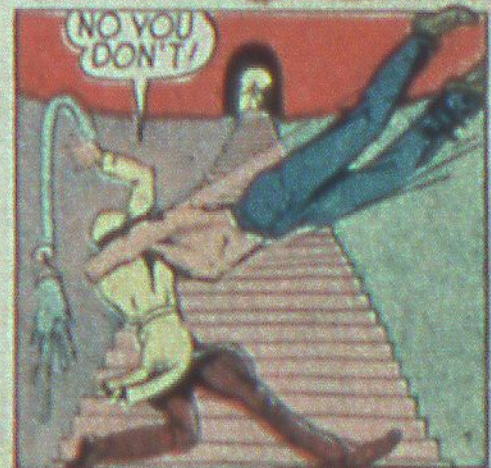
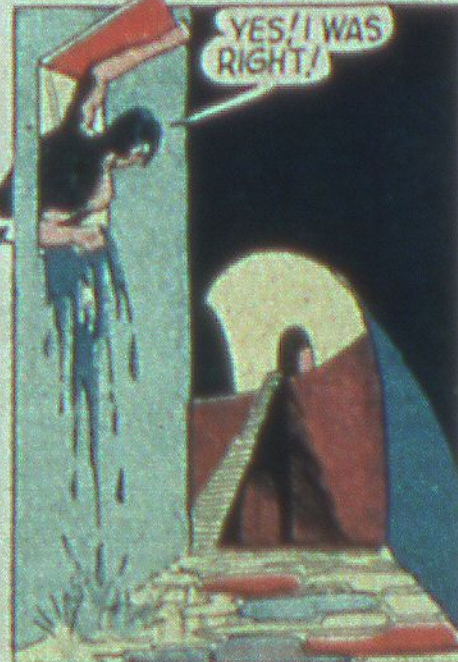
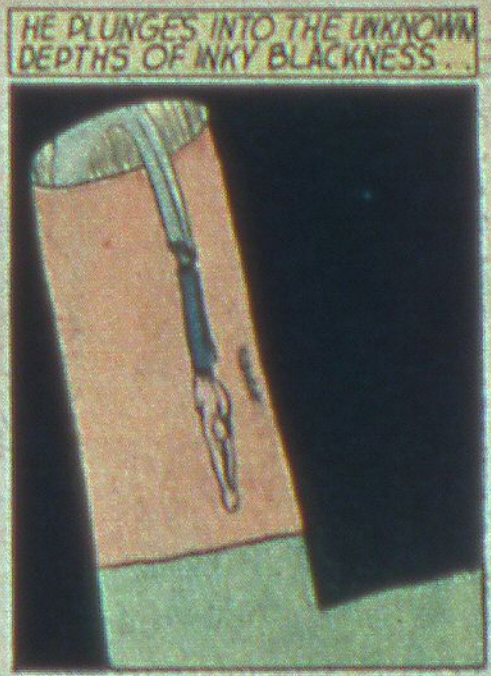
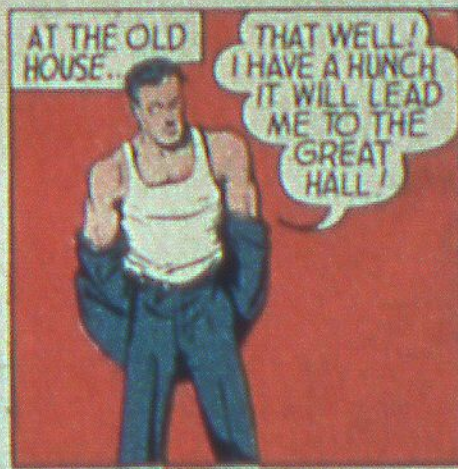


BUT THIS IS
WORSE THAN
MURDER!

OF COURSE!
WHAT DID YOU
EXPECT?







MADAM DOOM VIEWS THE GRIM STRUGGLE....

SEND MORE MEN!
HURRY!

ALMOST EXHAUSTED, BLACK X BATTLES ON.

LIKE A DEMON OF FURY HE HURLS HIS ASSAILANTS TO THEIR DOOM

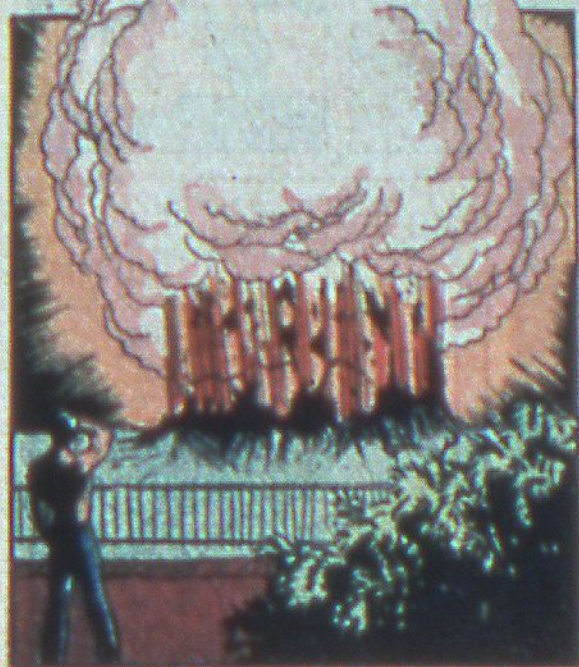
ONE ESCAPES HIM AND HEADS TOWARD THE BURNING WELL.

NO, YOU DON'T DRINK THAT STUFF!

BLACK X DRAGS THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN UP THE LONG FLIGHT OF STAIRS

YOU'LL BE A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY WHEN YOU WAKE UP! MAYBE IT'LL GIVE YOU TIME TO THINK IT OVER!

YOU'RE COMING AWAY FROM THAT FIRE WATER, MY SUICIDE-STRUCK FRIEND!



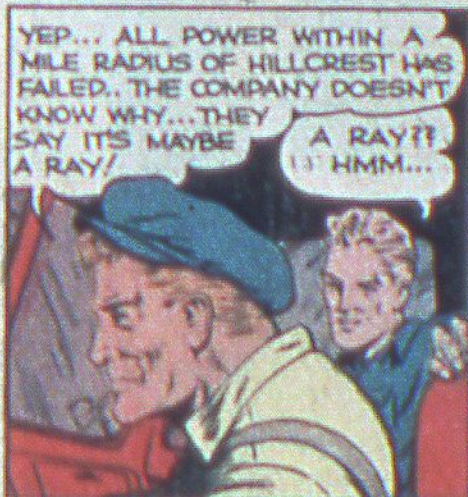


THE ORDINARY
LOOKING TOM
DALTON PLAYS
ANOTHER SEC-
RET ROLE...THAT
OF THE GREAT
MAGNO!



TOM, THIS IS THE STRANGEST
THING I'VE EVER RUN UP
AGAINST!

THAT
SO?

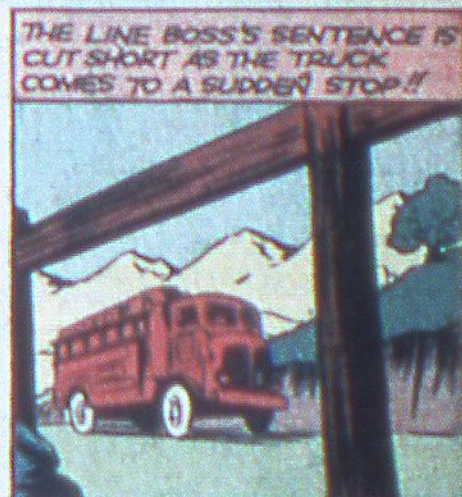


YEP... ALL POWER WITHIN A
MILE RADIUS OF HILLCREST HAS
FAILED.. THE COMPANY DOESN'T
KNOW WHY...THEY
SAY IT'S MAYBE
A RAY!

A RAY??
HMM...



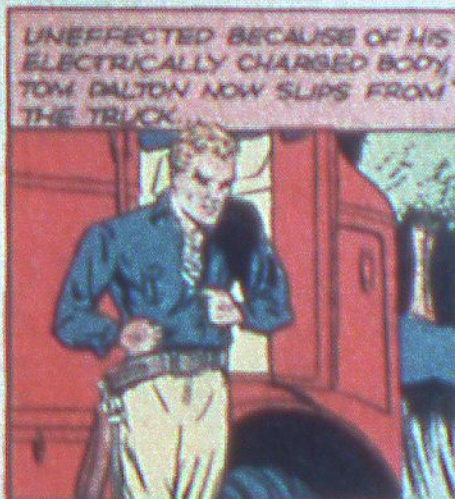
BUT I DON'T SEE
HOW IT COULD BE
ANY SILLY
RAY....



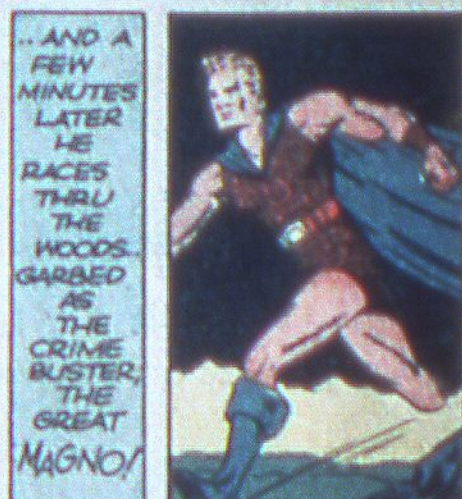
THE LINE BOSS'S SENTENCE IS
CUT SHORT AS THE TRUCK
COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP!!



W-WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR.
HARVEY? WHAT... WHY....
GOSH!...HE'S STIFF AS A
BOARD!! WHAT ON EARTH...
I'M LOOKING
INTO THIS....!



UNEFFECTED BECAUSE OF HIS
ELECTRICALLY CHARGED BODY,
TOM DALTON NOW SLIPS FROM
THE TRUCK.



..AND A
FEW
MINUTES
LATER
HE
RACES
THRU
THE
WOODS-
GARBED
AS
THE
CRIME
BUSTER,
THE
GREAT
MAGNO!



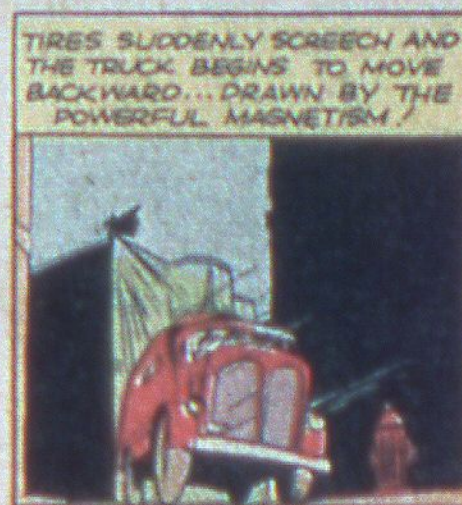
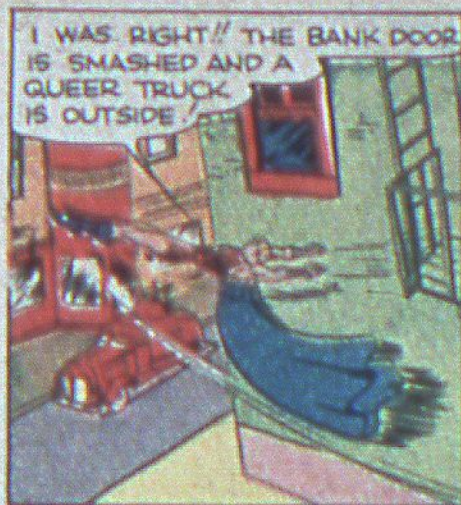
THERE'S HILLCREST AHEAD....
AS DEAD AND QUIET AS
ANY GHOST TOWN!



HMM... THE ONLY PLACE
WORTH LOOTING HERE IS THE
BANK! AND THAT'S THE
PLACE WHERE THINGS
MAY HAPPEN!



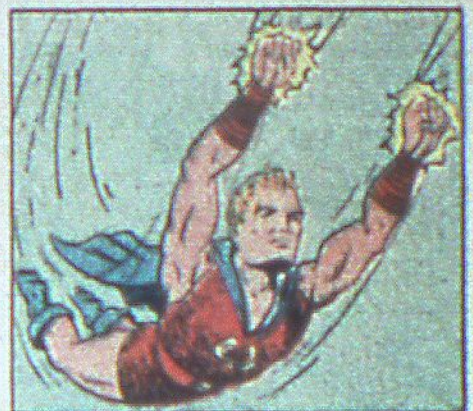
...ILL SOON KNOW IF MY
HUNCH WAS RIGHT...THE BANK
IS JUST AROUND THE
CORNER....



WITH MAGNO'S WALL-FOOTHOLD
BROKEN THE CROOKS' TRUCK
NOW SHOOTS FORWARD...

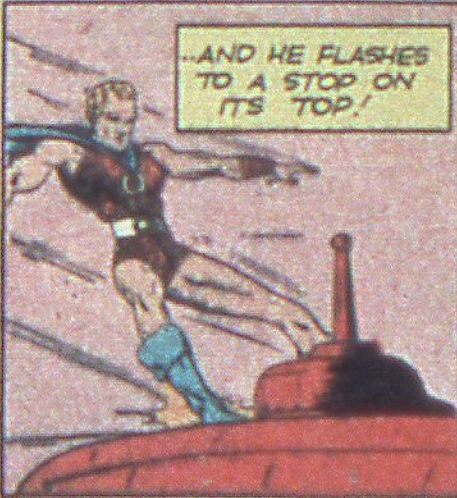


BUT THEY WON'T SHAKE
ME OFF AS EASY AS
THEY THINK!



FOR AFTER A SHORT FALL, THE
MAGNETIC FORCE NOW DRAWS
MAGNO AGAIN TOWARD THE TRUCK

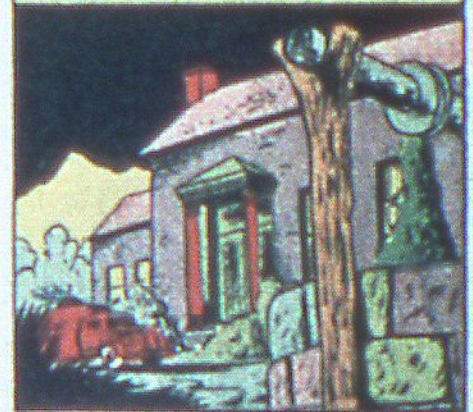
...AND HE FLASHES
TO A STOP ON
ITS TOP!



HMM... I'LL WAIT TILL THIS
ARMORED TUB STOPS.. THEN
I'LL GIVE 'EM
A SLIGHT
SURPRISE!

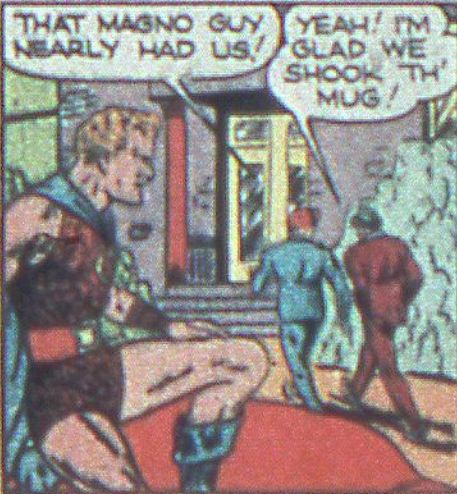


SOME TIME LATER THE TRUCK
PULLS UP TO AN OLD SEC-
LUDUD STONE HOUSE.....



THAT MAGNO GUY
NEARLY HAD US!

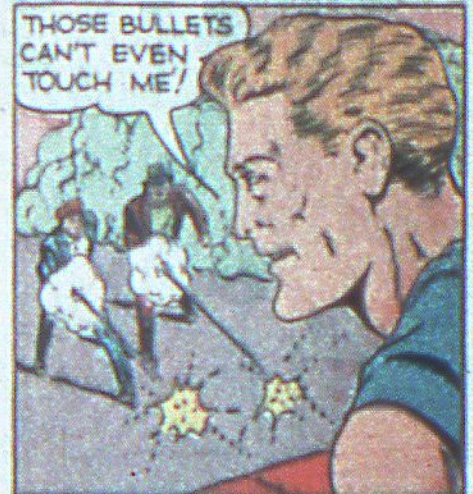
YEAH! I'M
GLAD WE
SHOOK TH'
MUG!



BUT YOU DIDN'T
SHAKE
HIM!



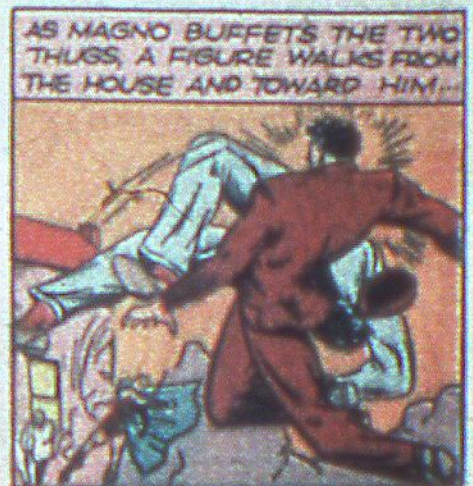
THOSE BULLETS
CAN'T EVEN
TOUCH ME!

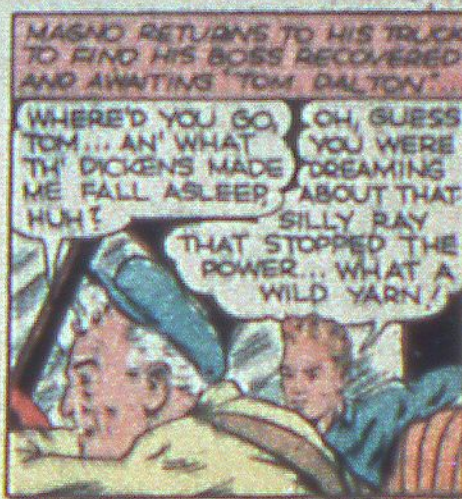
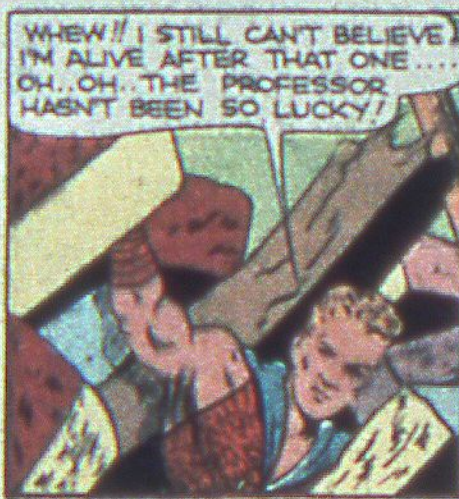
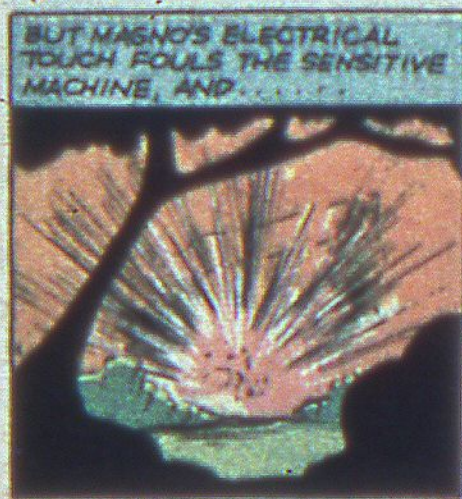
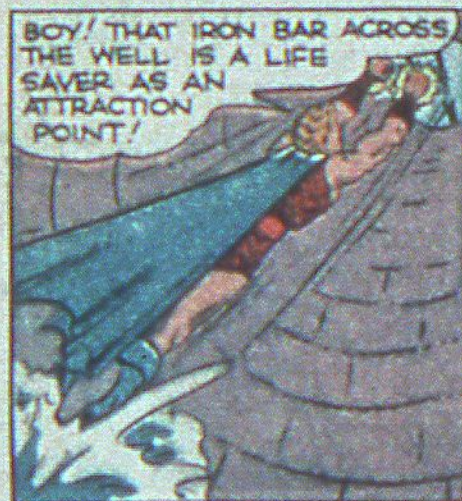
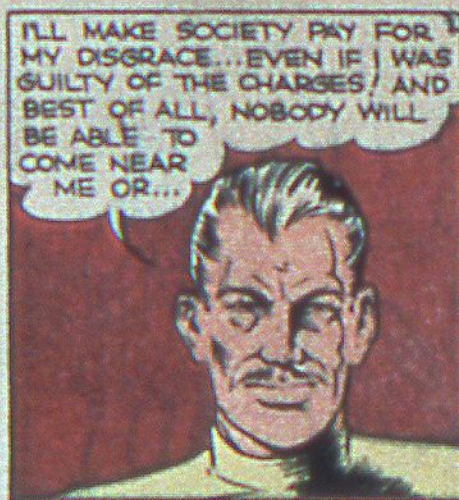
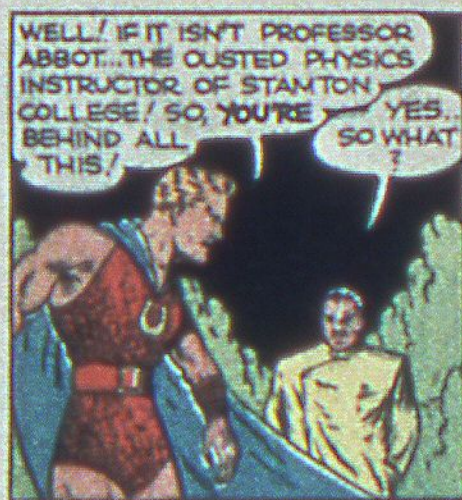


I'VE VERY SHOCKING....
DON'T YOU THINK?
HA..HA!



AS MAGNO BUFFETS THE TWO
THUGS, A FIGURE WALKS FROM
THE HOUSE AND TOWARD HIM...

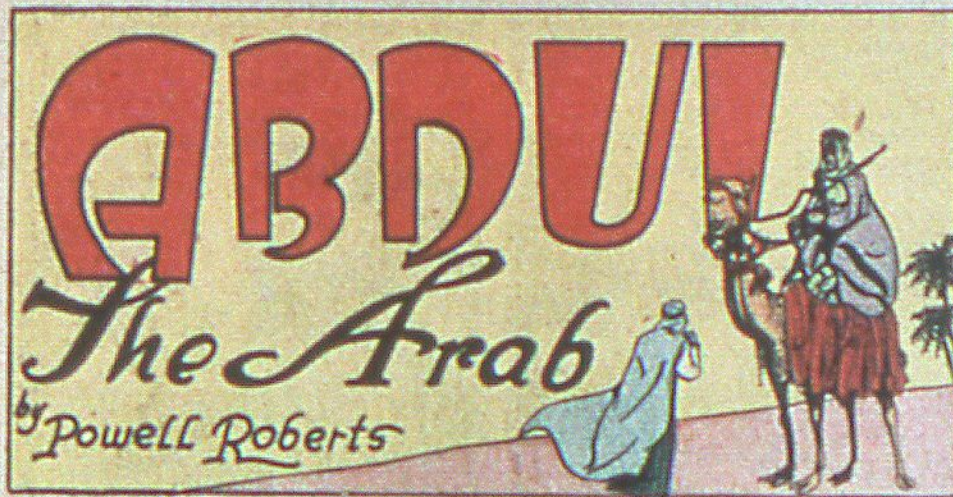
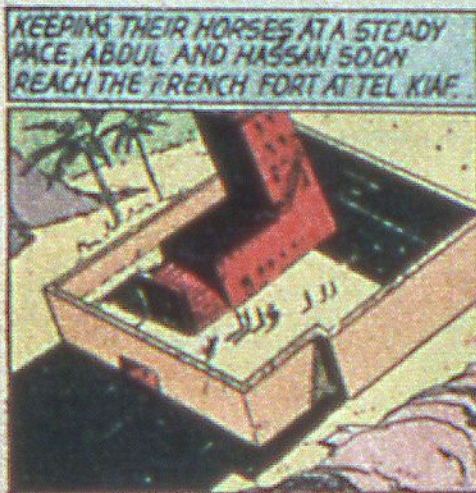


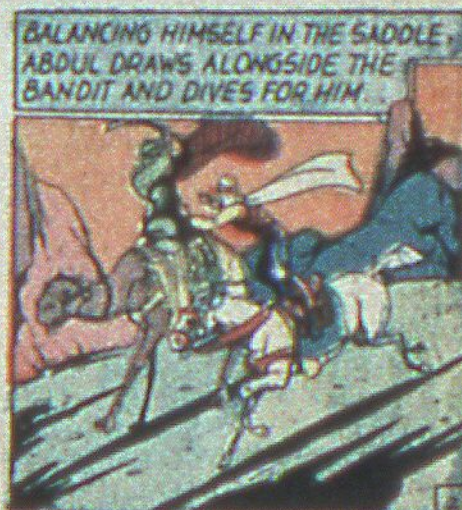
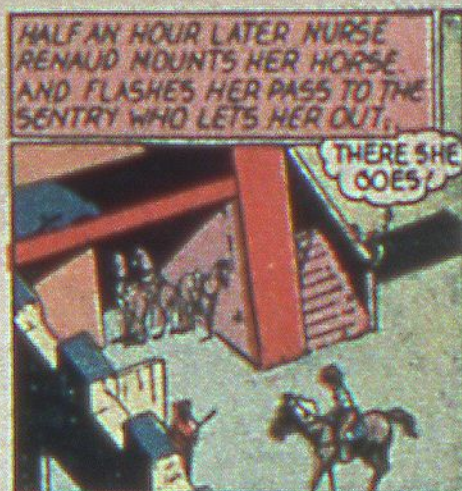
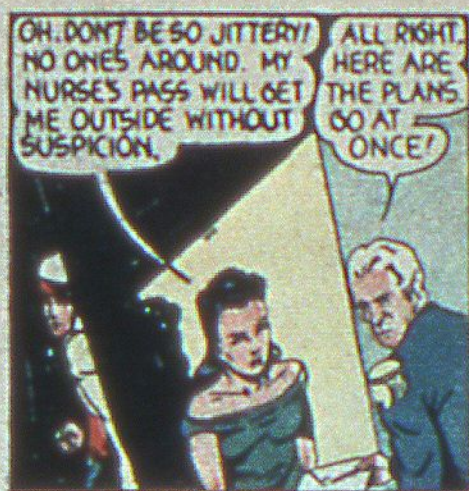


ABDUL

The Arab

by Powell Roberts



CLUTCHING HIM AROUND THE MIDDLE, HE DRAGS HIM DOWN.



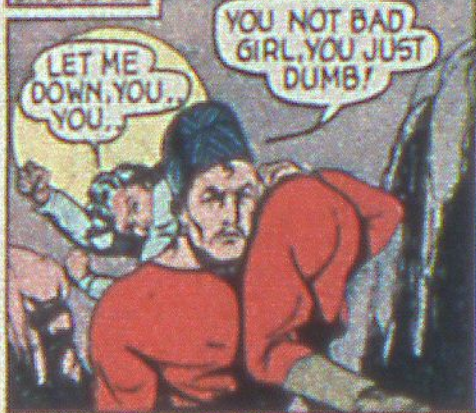
IN A FLURRY OF ROBES THE TWO MEN CRASH TO THE GROUND.



YOU ESCAPED ME ONCE, ACHMED, BUT THIS TIME...



MEANWHILE, HASSAN SCORNFULLY THROWS NURSE RENAUD OVER HIS SHOULDER.



LET ME DOWN, YOU.. YOU..

YOU NOT BAD GIRL, YOU JUST DUMB!

HO, ABDUL! I SEE YOU BRING BACK PRIZE!



I SEE YOU'VE GOT ONE YOURSELF. GET THE HORSES. WE'LL RETURN TO THE FORT AND LOOK UP LIEUTENANT PICON!



TYING THE GIRL'S WRISTS TO THE POMMEL OF HER SADDLE, ABDUL LEADS THE WAY BACK.



AT A SHOUT, THE DOORS OF THE OUTPOST FLING OPEN. A WHISPERED ORDER AND ACHMED AND THE NURSE ARE TAKEN TO THE CELLS.



ABDUL! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S HAPPENED?



I FOLLOWED NURSE RENAUD AND FOUND SHE WAS GIVING SECRET INFORMATION TO ACHMED THE BEDOUIN, A NOTORIOUS KILLER... AMONGST YOU IS A TRAITOR!

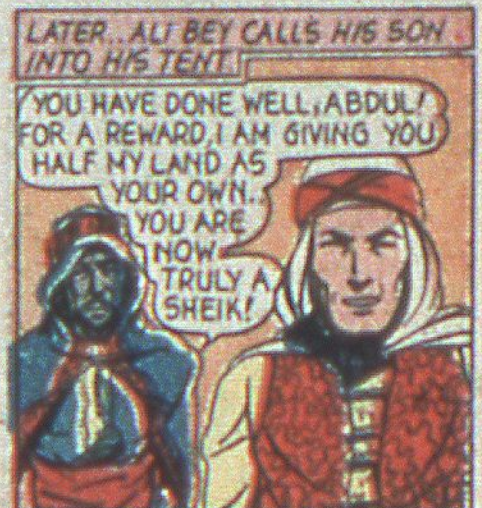
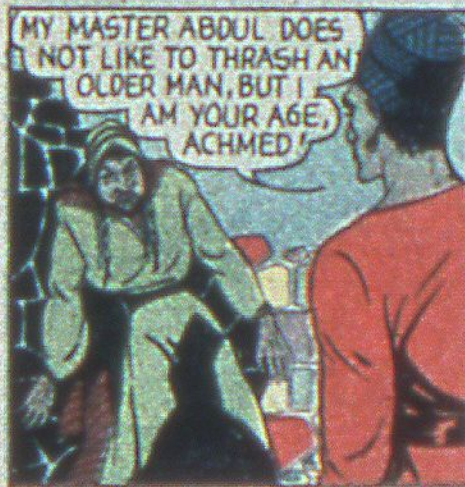


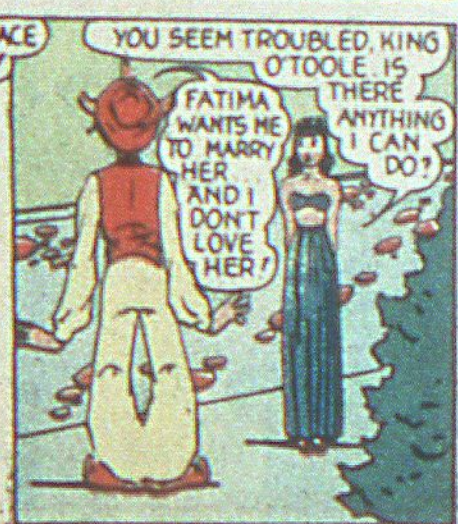
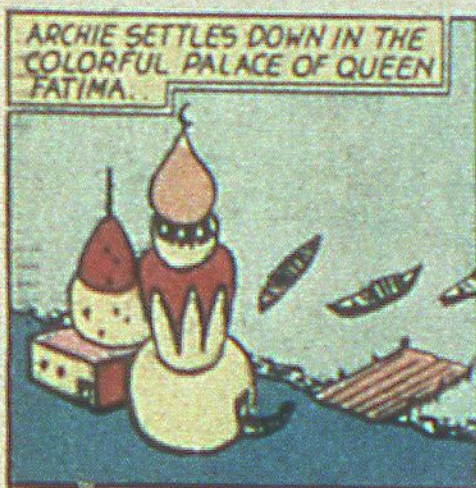
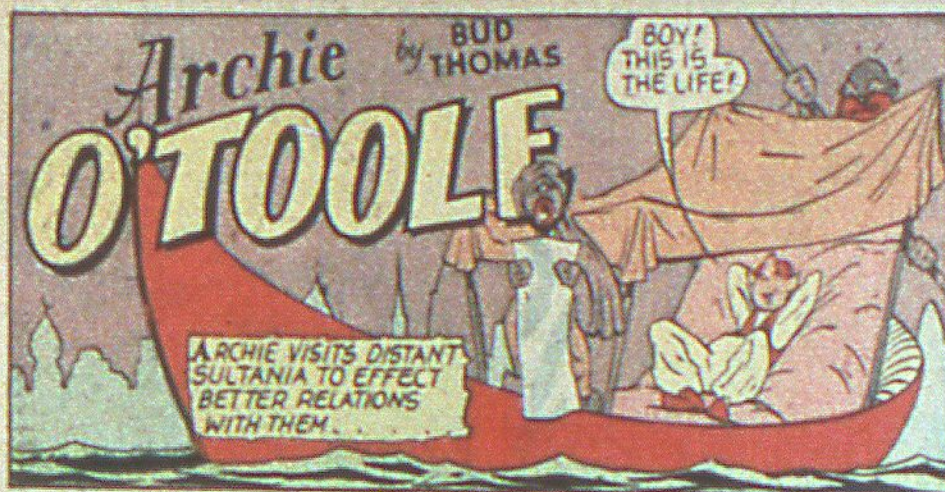
THAT DOG! HE'LL EXPOSE ME IN A MINUTE! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

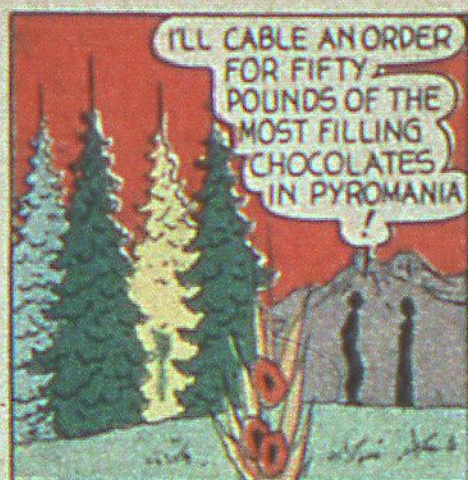


THERE GOES HER AIDE! LIEUTENANT PICON! HE'S THE ONE!







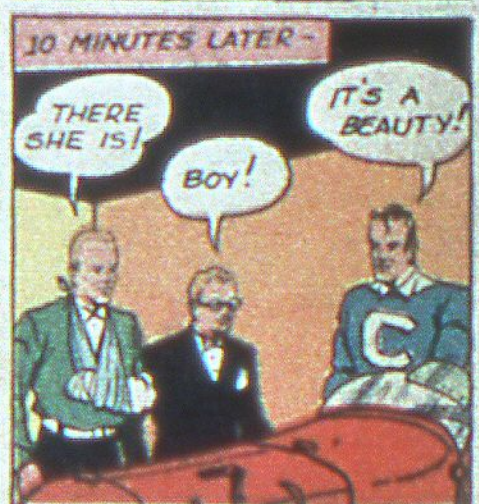
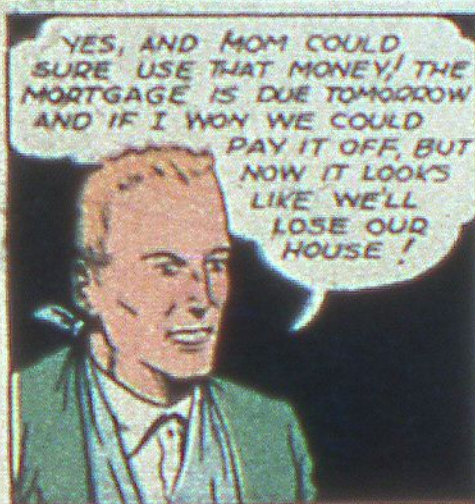
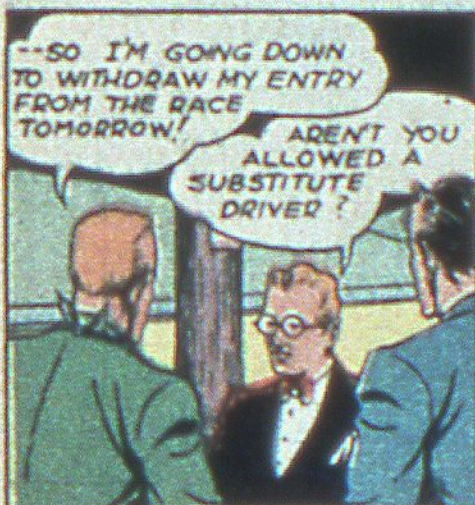
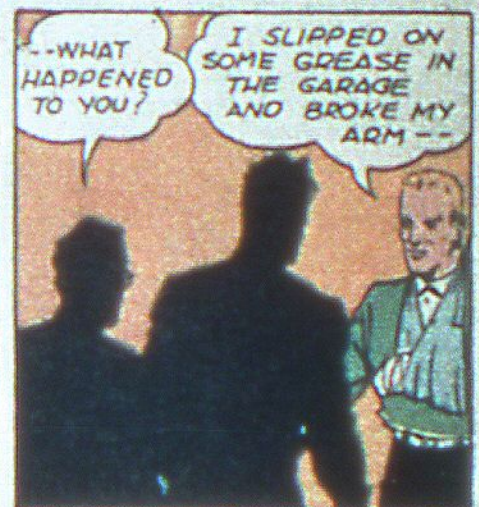
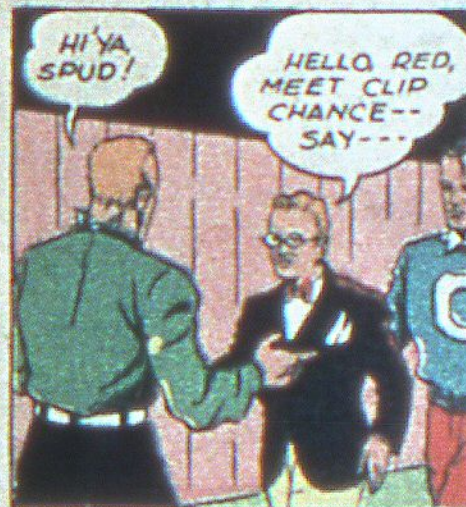


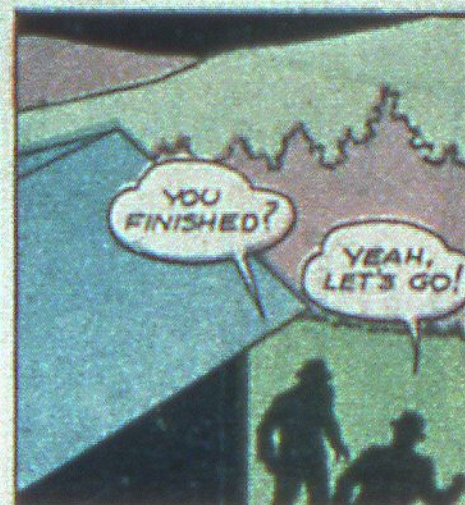
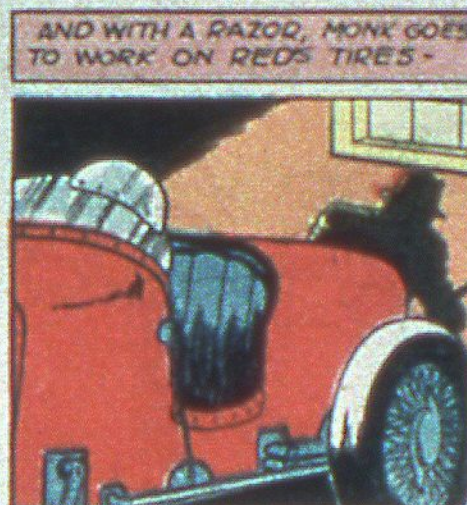
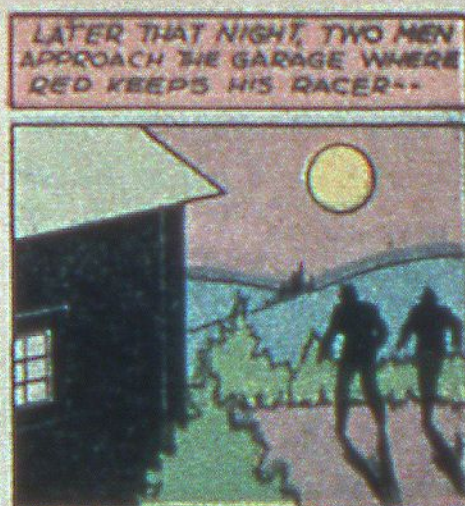
CLIP CHANCE

CLIP CHANCE, CLIFFSIDE'S STAR ATHLETE, IS SPENDING HIS SUMMER VACATION AT THE HOME OF HIS ROOMMATE, SPUD GRAY.

C'MON, CLIP, WE WANT TO MAKE THE FIRST SHOW!

I'M READY, SPUD - LET'S GO!





THE NEXT DAY JUST BEFORE THE RACE IS TO START, CLIP, RED AND SPUD GIVE THE CAR A LAST MINUTE CHECK-UP....



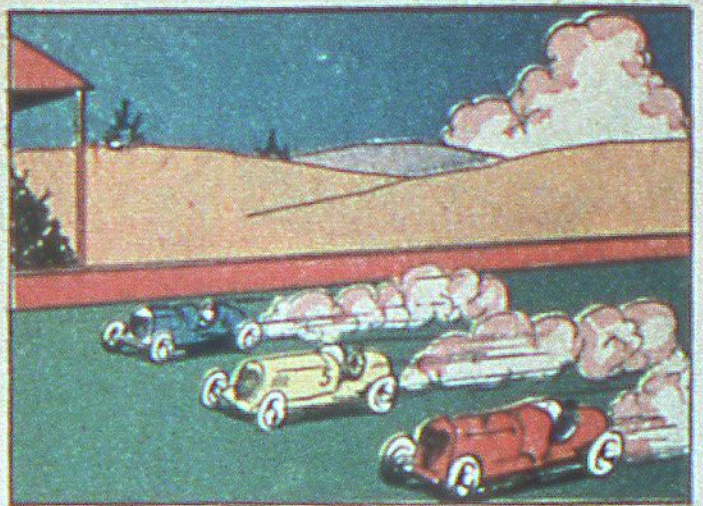
AT THE SAME TIME, IN A PIT DOWN THE TRACK--

REMEMBER, DUTCH- IF RED'S CAR SHOULD CATCH UP TO ME AFTER HE DROPS OUT TO CHANGE TIRES YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

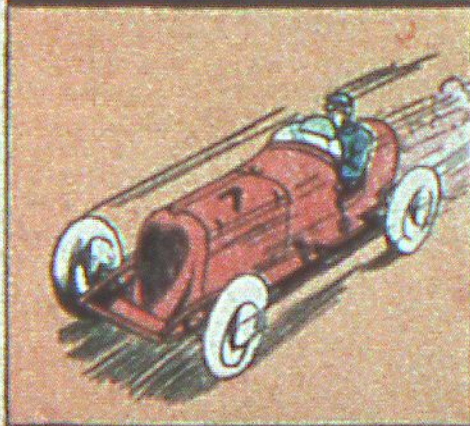
OKAY--



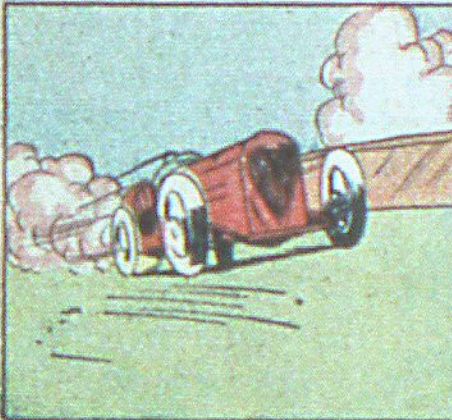
AND
THEY'RE
OFF!



AT THE QUARTER, CLIP LEADS THE FIELD---



GRIMLY HE HOLDS THE LEAD--



AS THE CARS APPROACH THE HALF-WAY MARK, RED LETS OUT A SHOUT--

SPUD! HOLD THIS SIGN UP!



LOOK
AT REAR
TIRES.



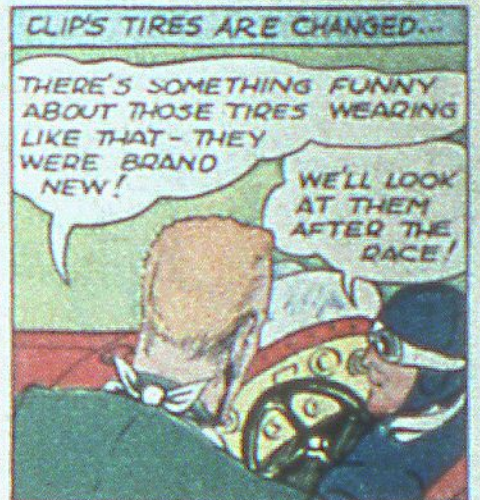
OH-OH- I'LL HAVE TO PULL IN!



CLIP'S TIRES ARE CHANGED--

THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THOSE TIRES WEARING LIKE THAT- THEY WERE BRAND NEW!

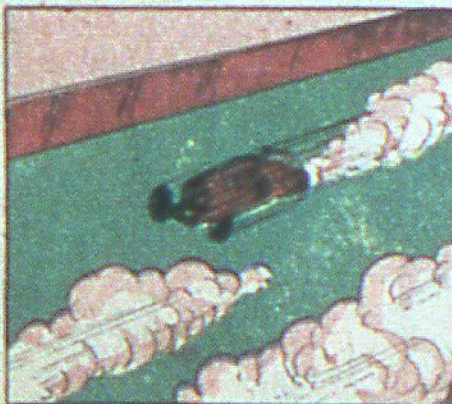
WE'LL LOOK AT THEM AFTER THE RACE!



YOU'VE LOST THE LEAD, CLIP- YOU'LL HAVE TO GO SOME TO CATCH THEM!



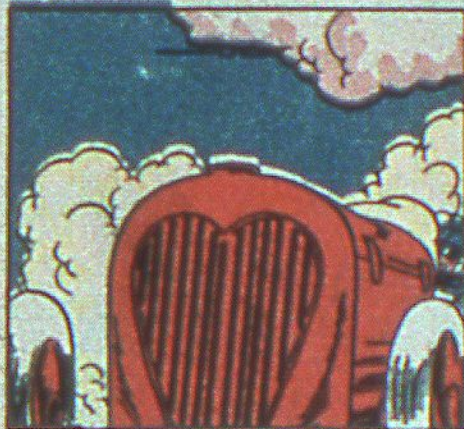
CLIP PUSHES THE THROTTLE TO THE FLOOR---



AND WITH 5 LAPS TO GO, CATCHES THE FIELD---



CLIP AGAIN LEADS



OH-OH!-NUMBER 7 IS LEADIN' AGAIN! I BETTER DO WHAT MONK SAID!



DUTCH HURRIES TO THE HARD TURN OF THE TRACK---



AS SOON AS THEY PASS I'LL POUR THIS STUFF ON THE TRACK!

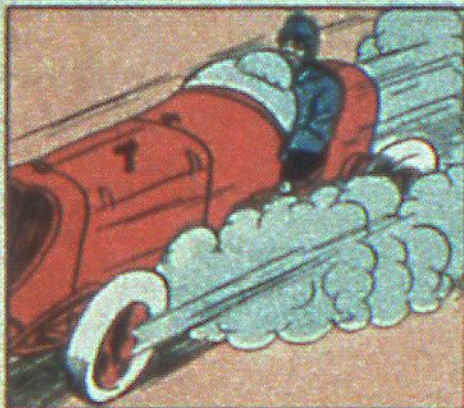
AND DOWN THE EMBANKMENT DUTCH POURS OIL, TURNING THAT SECTION OF THE TRACK INTO A TREACHEROUS CURVE, WHERE DEATH LURKS FOR THE UNSUSPECTING DRIVER--



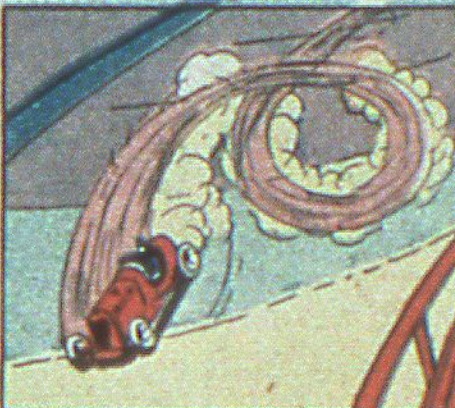
DUTCH KNOWS THE OIL'S THERE, SO HE'LL SLOW DOWN-- THE OTHERS WILL GO INTO A SPIN AN' DUTCH WILL TAKE THE LEAD AN' WIN--



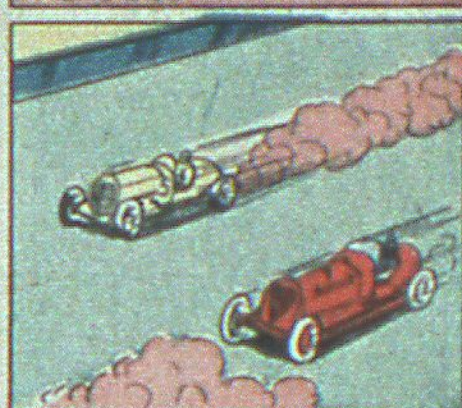
CLIP, FAR IN THE LEAD, APPROACHES THE OIL SLICK--



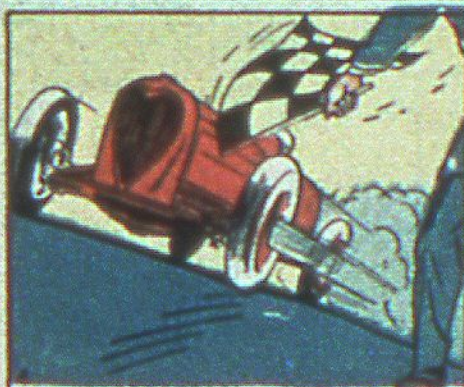
--AS HE HITS IT, THE CAR GOES INTO A SPIN--



--HE COMES OUT OF IT SAFELY, AND AGAIN CATCHES THE LEADERS---



--AND CROSSES THE FINISH LINE THE WINNER, INCHES AHEAD OF MONK---



LATER--

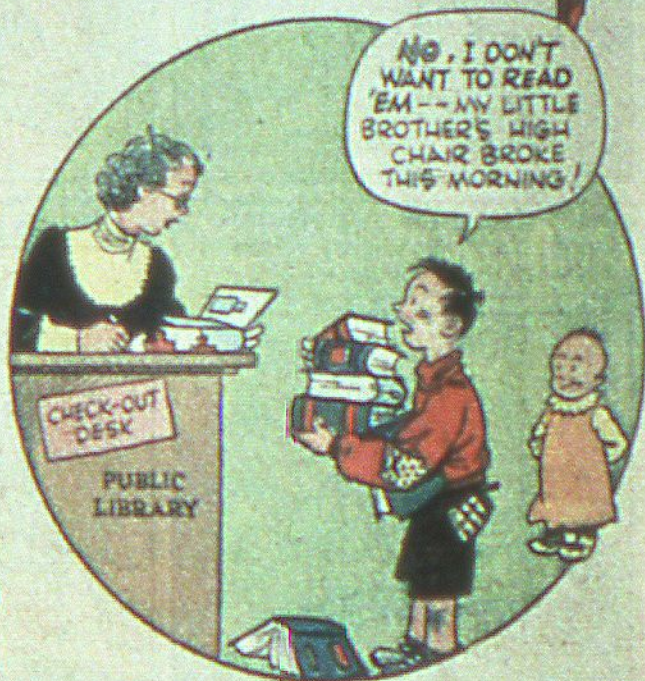
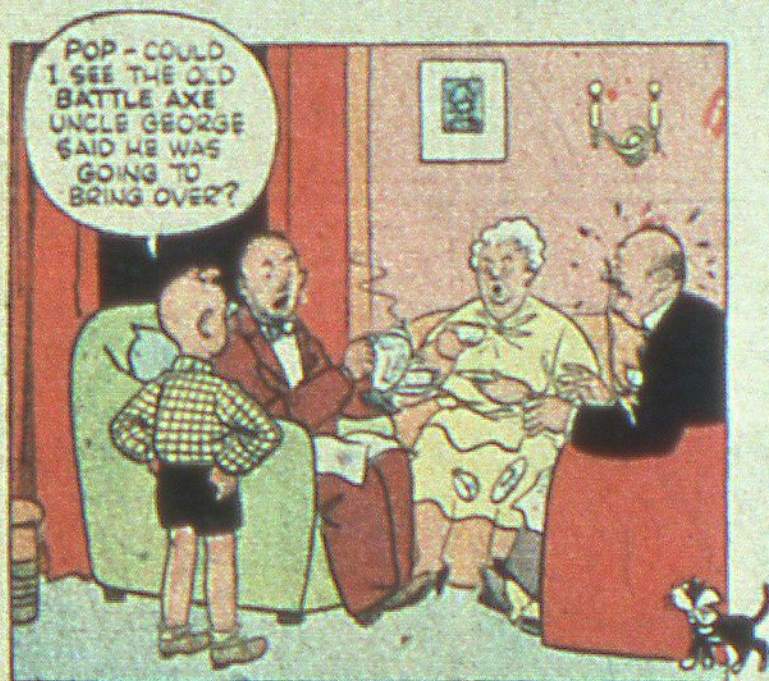
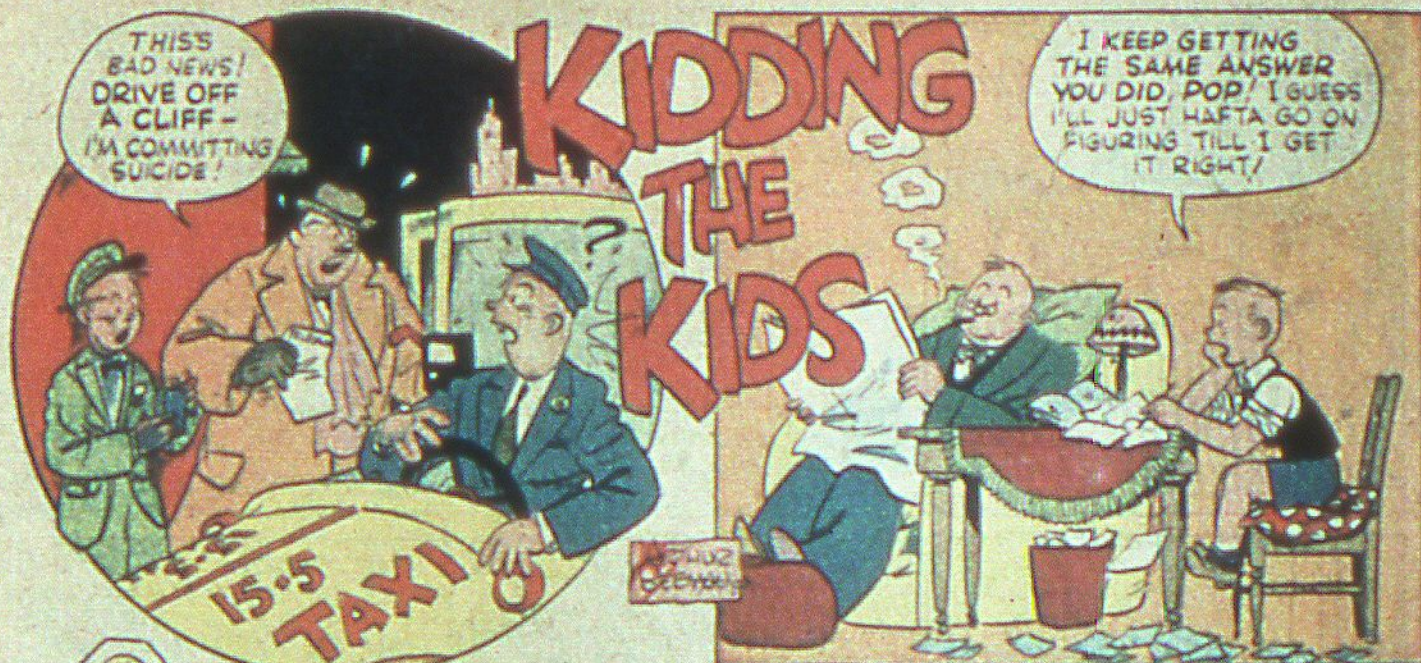
CLIP I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THE GUY WHO CUT MY TIRES!

FORGET IT, RED--



YOU WON, THE MORTGAGE IS PAID, AND I CAME OUT SAFE -- I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU I WAS PRETTY SCARED IN THAT RACE!





ORDER YOUR COPY OF THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF SMASH COMICS FROM YOUR REGULAR NEWSDEALER NOW.

WINGS WENDALL

OF THE MILITARY INTELLIGENCE
by
VERNON HENKEL

LIKE A GRINDING AVALANCHE, THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT SPREADS NORTHWARD AND A PEACEFUL COUNTRY, UNPREPARED FOR WAR, FALLS TO THE CONQUEROR!

THE PLODDING BOOTS OF A MIGHTY ARMY RESOUND THRU THE STREETS OF THE HISTORIC LITTLE CAPITAL, TRONVIK.



NIGHT...IN THE FOREIGN LEGATION AN AMERICAN DIPLOMAT HURRIEDLY DEPOSITS CERTAIN PAPERS IN AN UNUSUAL HIDING PLACE.



THAT'S THAT! NOW, IF OUR RADIO STATION IS STILL OPEN...



AT THE BUSY TRANS-ATLANTIC SHORT WAVE STATION...



IN A FEW MINUTES THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND INVADING SOLDIERS POUR INTO THE ROOM!



AND IN THE RADIO ROOM OF THE MILITARY INTELLIGENCE IN WASHINGTON



CAPTAIN WENDALL READS THE UNFINISHED MESSAGE-

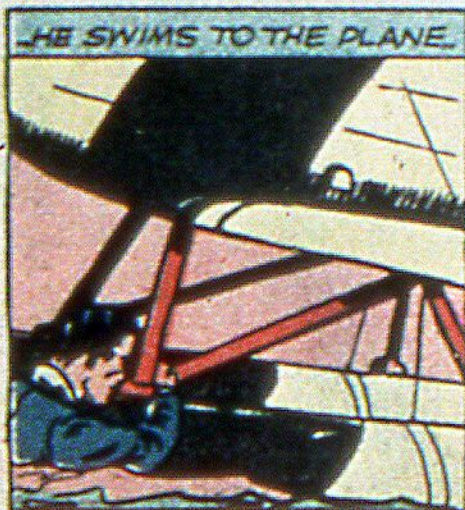


A STRANGE MESSAGE..WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

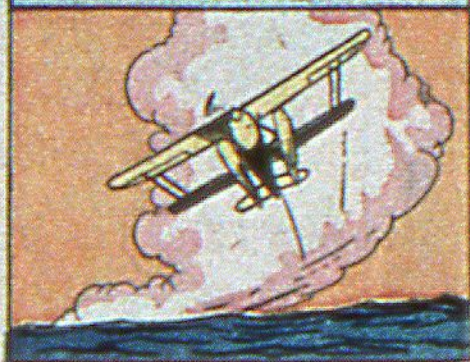


EVIDENTLY THERE IS AN IMPORTANT DOCUMENT HIDDEN AT THE LEGATION BUILDING... IT MEANS THAT YOU ARE LEAVING FOR TRONVIK AT ONCE!





AFTER DROPPING THE DEAD FLYER'S BODY INTO THE SEA, WINGS TAKES OFF IN THE HOSTILE PLANE..



ZOOMING SKYWARD HE SEES THE BATTLESHIP BELCHING DEATH AT THE LITTLE FREIGHTER..



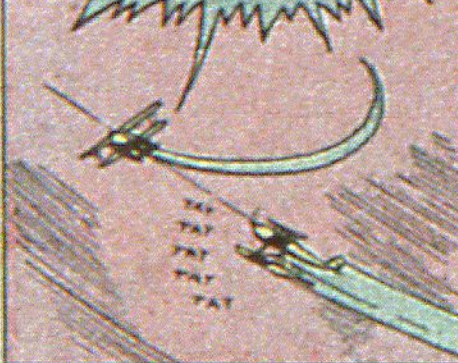
LOOK FOR "VIKING HEROES" ...THOSE WORDS ARE THE KEY TO THIS WHOLE PROBLEM..I WONDER...



A BULLET-SHATTERED COWLING SUDDENLY INTERRUPTS WENDALL'S THOUGHTS-



..ANOTHER PLANE FROM THAT BATTLE CRUISER!



WINGS ROLLS OUT OF THE PATH OF THE DEADLY FIRE..



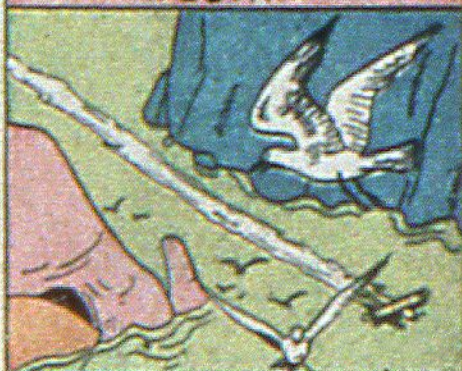
A STREAM OF LEAD FINDS ITS MARK AND THE ENEMY PLANE, A FLAMING DEATH TRAP, GOES DOWN INTO THE SEA!



TRONVIK FJORD! I HOPE MY LUCK DOESN'T CHANGE NOW!



WINGS SETS THE PLANE DOWN IN A SHELTERED COVE NEAR THE HARBOR'S MOUTH...



THE PLANE'S WELL HIDDEN.. GOOD..I MAY NEED IT AGAIN!

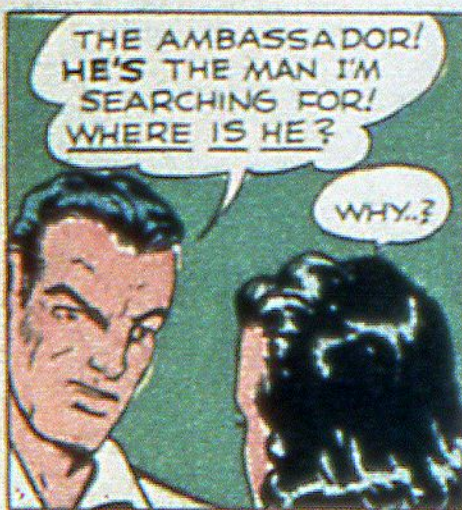
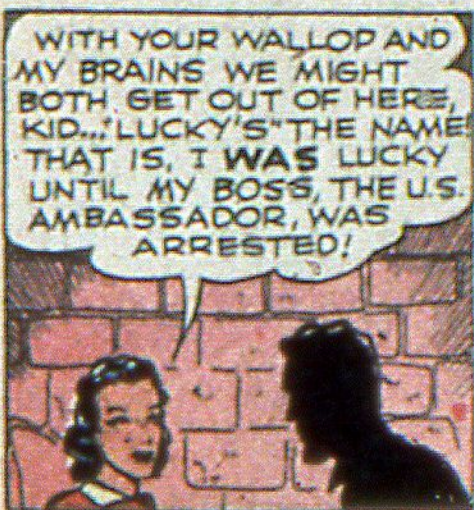


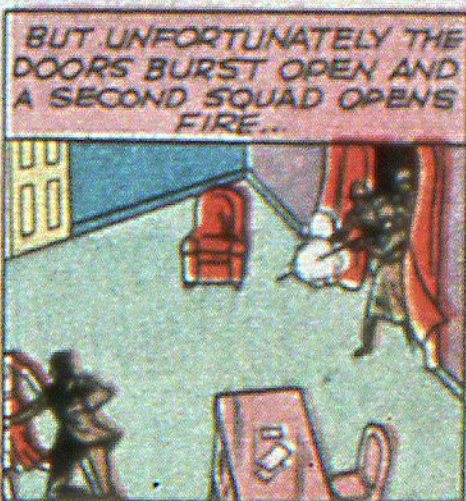
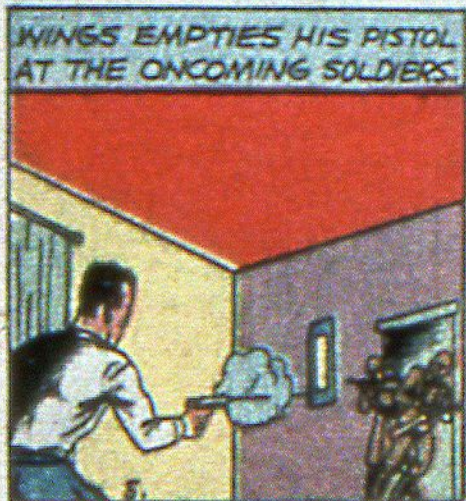
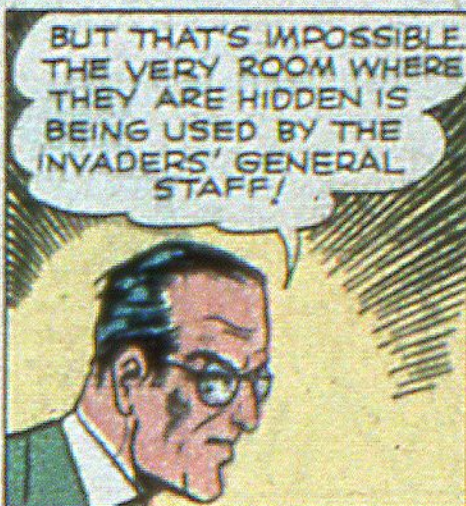
WAITING TILL NIGHTFALL, WINGS ENTERS TRONVIK..



SUDDENLY TWO HELMETED FIGURES SPRING FROM THE SHADOWS, BAYONETED RIFLES HELD IN READINESS







POOR STANTON. WE CAN'T HOLD THESE GUYS OFF. WE'D BETTER GIVE UP!



IN A DINGY CELL WINGS AND LUCKY PLOT A MEANS OF ESCAPE

EVEN IF WE DO ESCAPE, WE STILL HAVE TO LOCATE THOSE PAPERS!



HAVE YOU ANY CLUE TO WHERE THEY ARE?

ONLY A STRANGE MESSAGE TO "LOOK FOR THE VIKING HEROES!"

WHY.. WHY.. "VIKING HEROES" IS AN OLD BOOK OF MR STANTONS!!



THAT'S IT! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE, GRAB THAT BOOK, AND GET BACK TO THE U.S.A.



BUT IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE!

THERE'S THE CAPTAIN.. HEY, YOU! I HAVE A PROPOSITION!



IF YOU GUARANTEE THE SAFETY OF THE GIRL AND MYSELF, I'LL LEAD YOU TO THOSE PAPERS!



SPEAK THEN!

I HAVE LITTLE RESPECT FOR TRAITORS BUT IT IS SOMETIMES NECESSARY TO USE THEM!



... AS THE OFFICER OPENS THE DOOR...



I'M NOT AS MUCH TRAITOR AS CUNNING, EH CAPTAIN?

OOF!

AFTER TYING UP THE OFFICER, WINGS DONS HIS UNIFORM AS A DISGUISE..

REMEMBER, IF WE ARE STOPPED, I'LL DO THE TALKING!



RIGHT!

HERE'S THE LIBRARY. WAIT OUTSIDE AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!



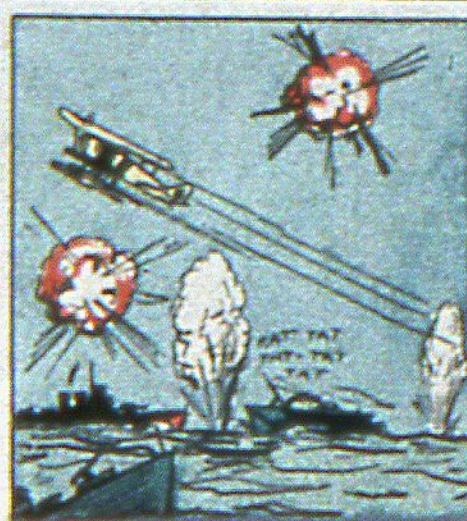
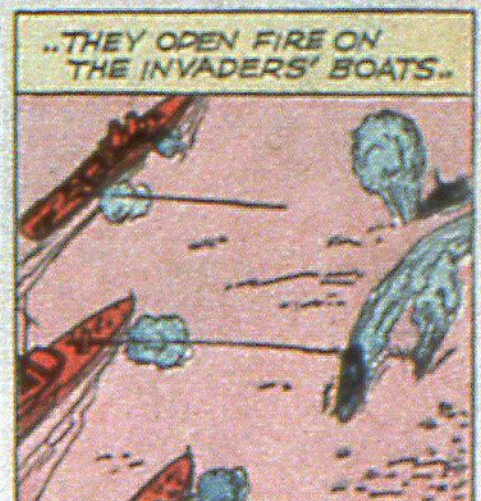
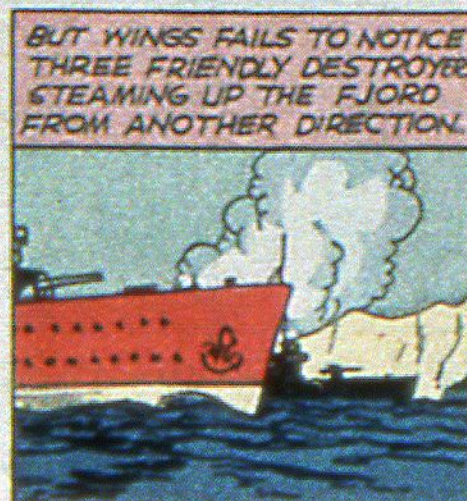
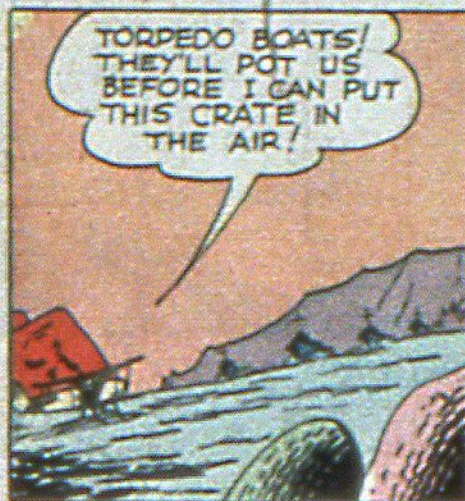
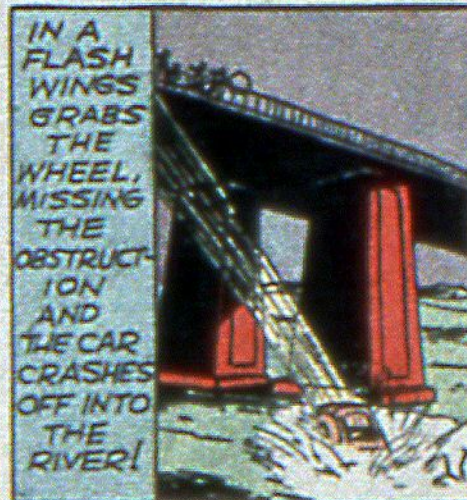
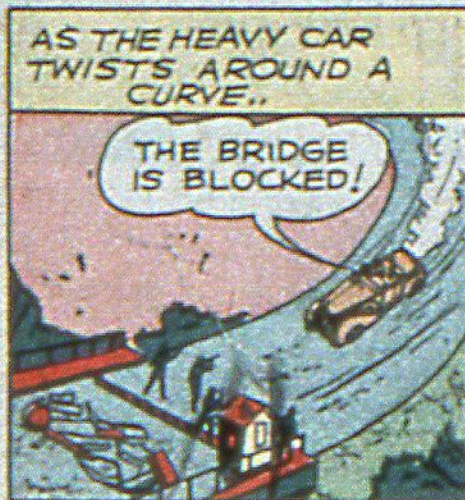
SEARCHING THRU THE SHELVES, WINGS FINDS THE BOOK..

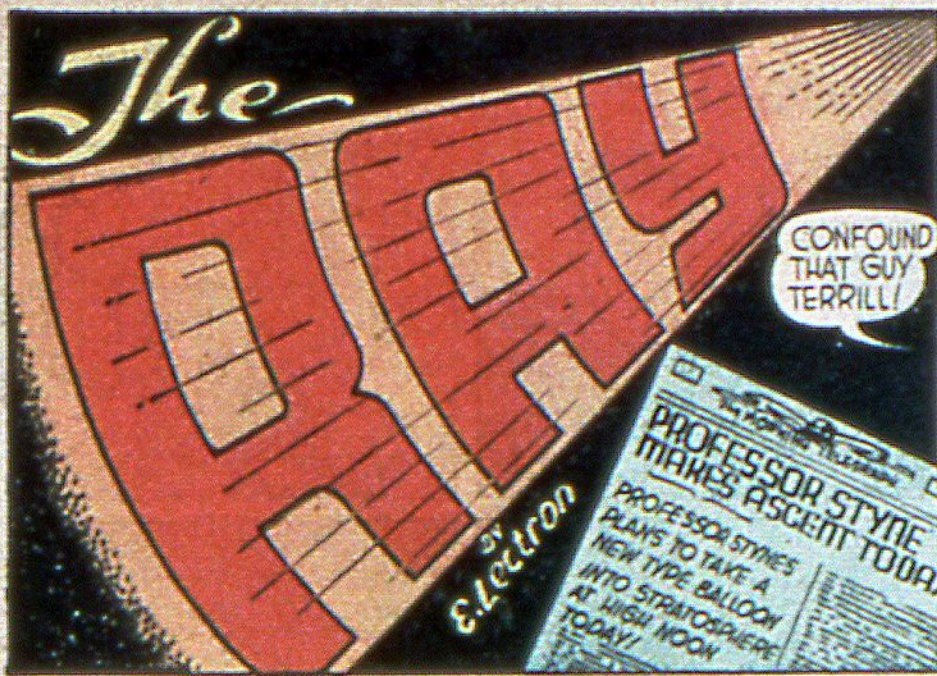


"VIKING HEROES" AND HERE'S THE DOCUMENTS!

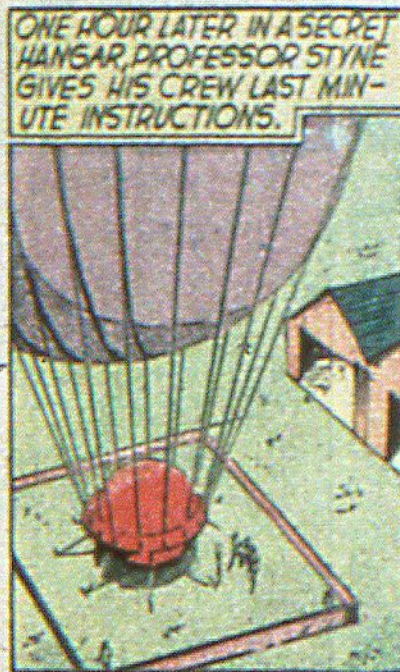
CAPTAN LUDZ! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?







CONFOUND THAT GUY TERRILL!



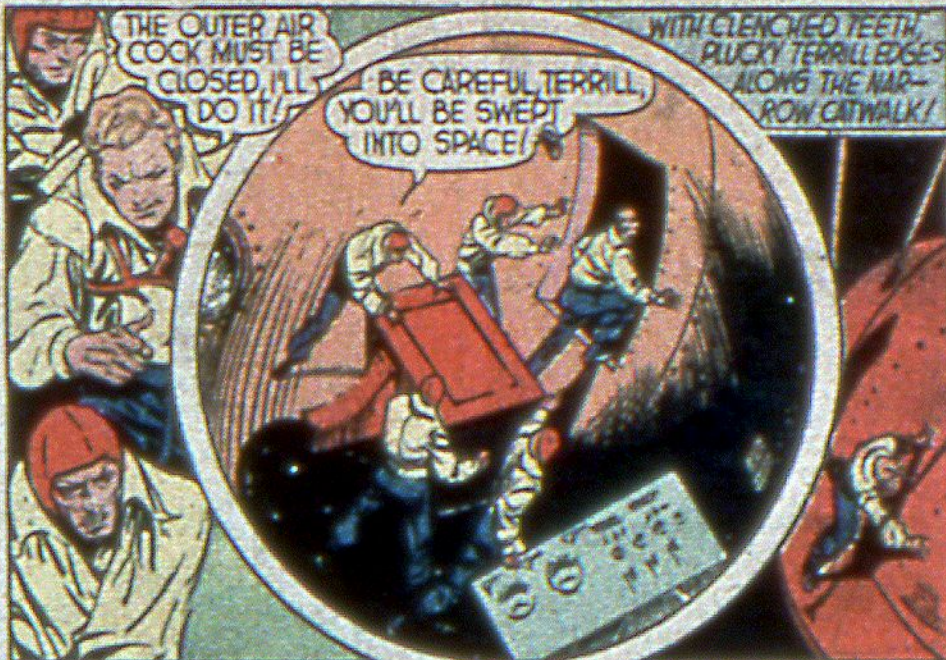
UP THROUGH MYRIAD LAYERS OF STRATOSPHERE SOARS THE BALLOON, GRIPPED BY NATURE'S FORCES.



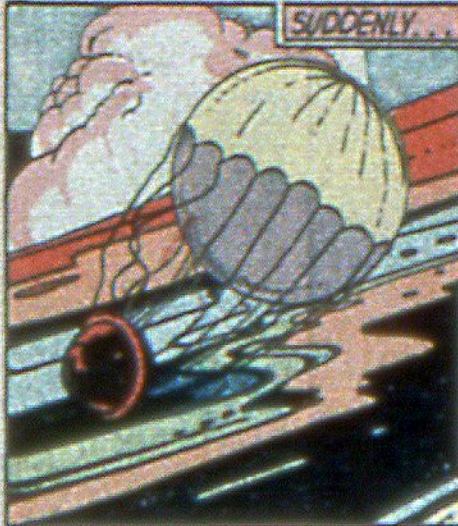
THE OUTER AIR COCK MUST BE CLOSED. I'LL DO IT!

BE CAREFUL TERRILL, YOU'LL BE SWEEPED INTO SPACE!

WITH CLENCHED TEETH, PLUCKY TERRILL EDGES ALONG THE NARROW CATWALK!



SUDDENLY...

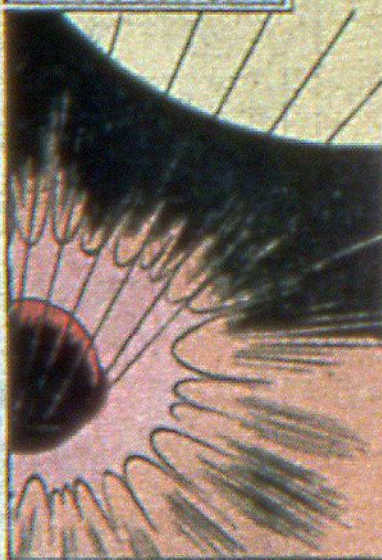


THE BALLOON IS SWEEPED UPWARD INTO A STRANGE FIELD!

A WEIRD HAZE OF COSMIC LIGHT GLOWS AROUND THE BALLOON! TERRILL GROWS RIGID!



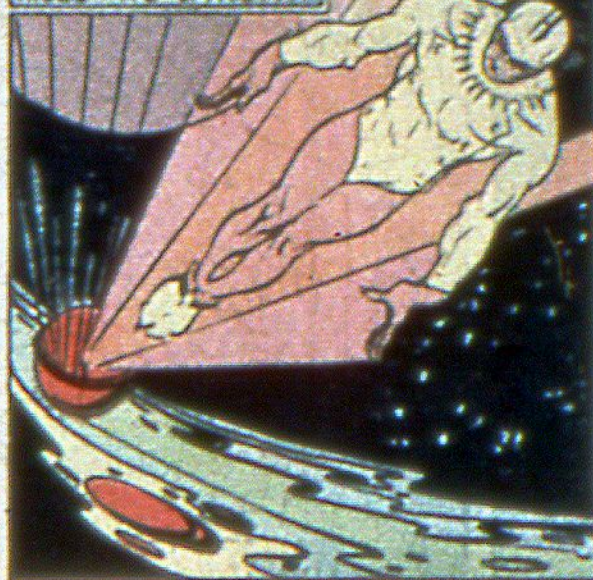
THE COSMIC STORM LASHES AT THE BALLOON IN A FURY OF DAZZLING LIGHTS...



SUDDENLY AN AMAZING THING HAPPENS... THE FIGURE OF TERRILL SEEMS TO SHRINK, AS ANOTHER RISES OUT OF HIM...

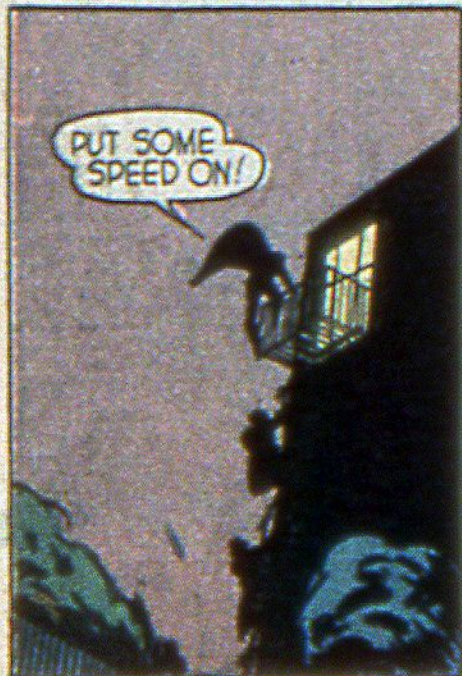
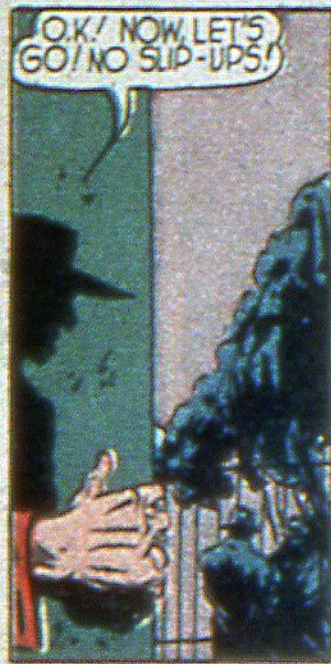
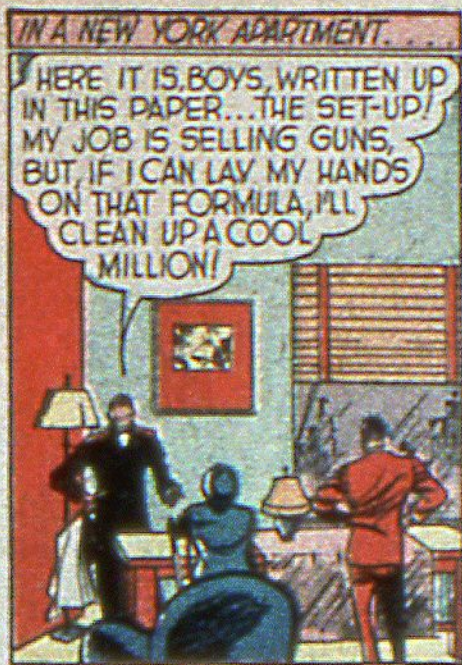
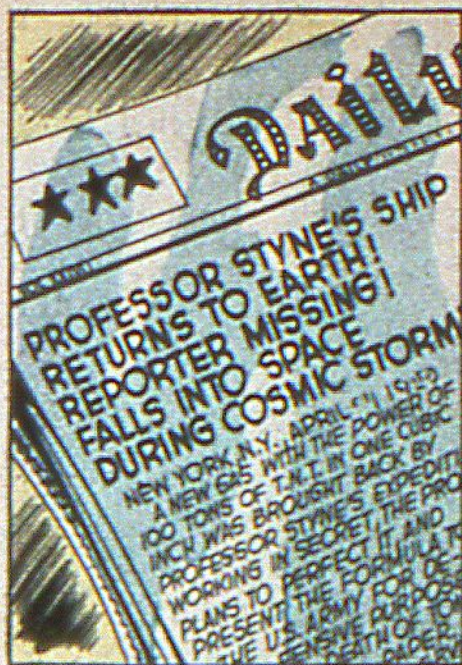


A SHAFT OF LIGHT SHOOTS FROM THE SPOT WHERE HE STOOD, AS TERRILL IN A NEW FORM, RISES INTO SPACE...



AND UNKNOWN TO THE MEN INSIDE THE METAL SPHERE, THE RAY'S BORN, A NEW FIGURE WHO CAN TRANSMIT HIMSELF IN SHAFTS OF LIGHT...







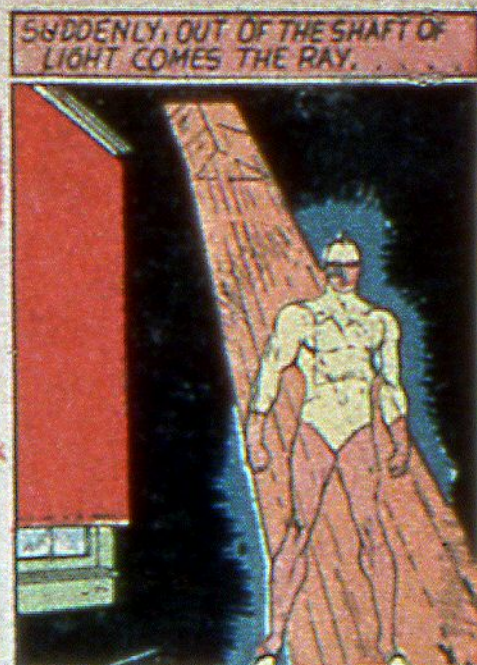
QUICKLY NOW! THE FORMULA! NOT A SECOND TO LOSE!

YOU SURE ARE SMART, BOSS.



WITH DIABOLICAL SWIFTNESS, THE CROOKS GATHER UP THE PRECIOUS PLANS AND LEAVE.

I GUESS OLD STYNE IS DEAD. HA HA HA!



SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE SHAFT OF LIGHT COMES THE RAY.



THE ROOM SEEMS TO LIGHT UP WITH THE RAY'S PRESENCE.

PROFESSOR STYNE! SPEAK TO ME. THANK GOODNESS, YOU'RE ONLY WOUNDED!



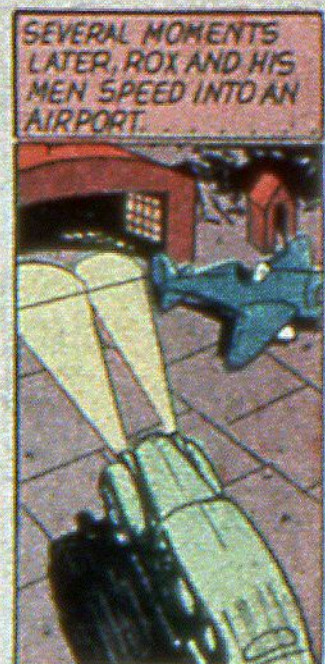
WHO ARE YOU? YOUR FACE IS FAMILIAR YOU LOOK LIKE TERRILL BUT YOU'VE A STRANGE LOOK!

I'M THE RAY. TERRILL IS DEAD, FORGET HIM!



AND NOW TO AID YOU THOSE FORMULAS MUST NOT REMAIN IN ROX'S HANDS.

AMAZING! HE'S FADING INTO THAT RAY OF LIGHT!



SEVERAL MOMENTS LATER, ROX AND HIS MEN SPEED INTO AN AIRPORT.



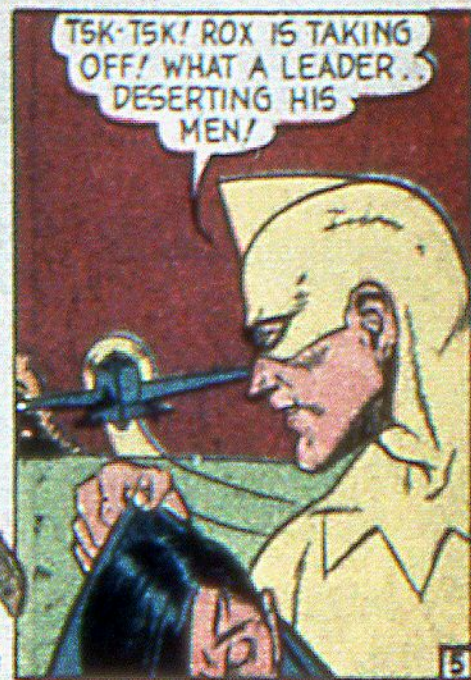
LOOK, BOSS! IN OUR HEADLIGHT BEAM! AM I GOING SCREWY? OR IS A GUY RISING OUT OF THE RAYS OF LIGHT?



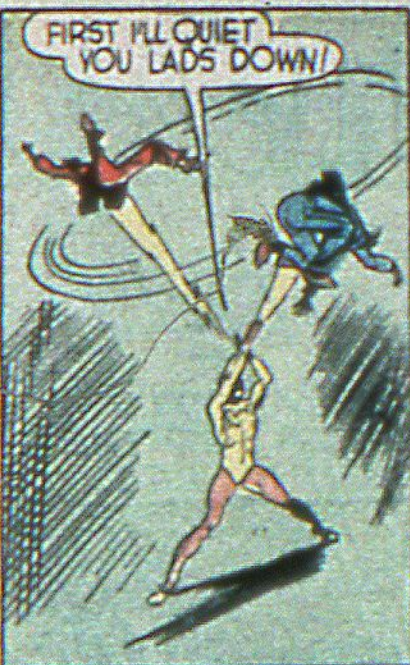
BEFORE THEIR EYES THE TALL FORM OF THE RAY TAKES SHAPE.



COME OUT, ANTON ROX! I'VE COME TO GET THAT FORMULA!



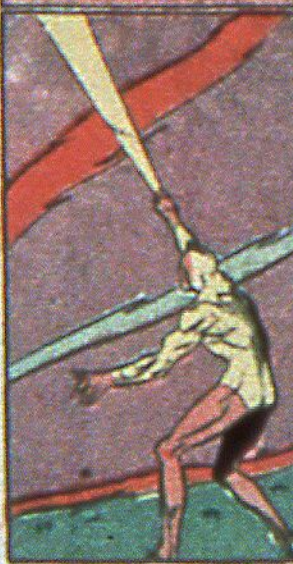
FIRST I'LL QUIET
YOU LADS DOWN!



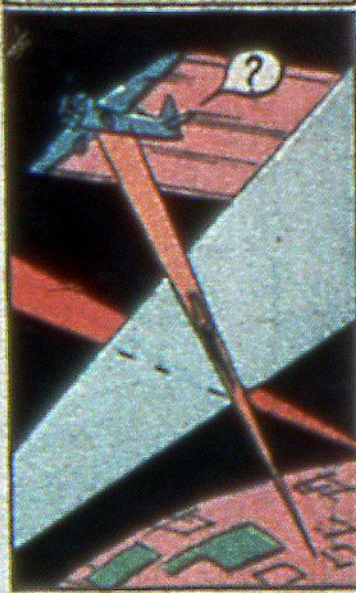
WITH THE TWO WHIRLING
UNCONSCIOUSLY IN MID-
AIR, THE RAY TURNS HIS
ATTENTION TO THE FLEE-
ING KILLER.



ONCE AGAIN HIS MAG-
NETIC RAYS SHOOT
FROM HIS FINGERTIPS.



AND THE PLANE SLOWLY DE-
SCENDS TO EARTH. . . .



YOU DIDN'T THINK
YOU COULD GET AWAY
AS EASILY AS THAT,
DID YOU, ROX?

LOOK HERE,
I'LL PAY YOU
WELL!



HEH... YOU AND
I CAN MAKE A
SWELL
PARTNERSHIP!

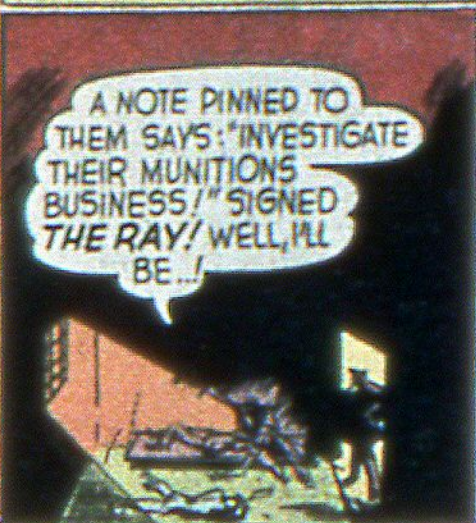


I DON'T
LIKE THE
PROPOSITION!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE NEW
YORK POLICE FIND THREE BEATEN
MEN LYING IN A SHAFT OF LIGHT IN
ONE OF THEIR CELLS.

A NOTE PINNED TO
THEM SAYS: "INVESTIGATE
THEIR MUNITIONS
BUSINESS!" SIGNED
THE RAY! WELL, I'LL
BE...!



MEANWHILE...

THE RAY...
BACK AGAIN!

YES, AND
I'VE BROUGHT
THE FORMULA.



HOW CAN I EVER
THANK YOU?
CAN
REPAY ME
BY GIVING IT TO
THE UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT AND
FORGETTING YOU
EVER KNEW 'HAPPY'
TERRILL!



FROM NOW ON
I AM THE RAY!
WITH MY POWER
I CAN DO MANY
GREAT THINGS!



SPORTTRAITS

by GILL FOX

Rowdy DICK

BARTELL

THE LIVELY LITTLE
SHORTSTOP FOR THE
DETROIT TIGERS..



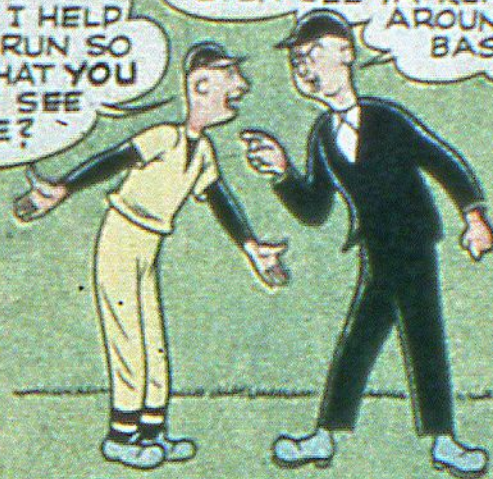
EVERYONE THOUGHT
THIS WAS DICK'S LAST
YEAR IN THE MAJORS,
BUT HE'S NOW
HUSTLING LIKE A
ROOKIE..

I COULD'A
CAUGHT IT STANDIN'
UP, BUT THAT
GETS TIRESOME
AFTER AWHILE!



AW! KIN I HELP
IT IF I RUN SO
FAST THAT YOU
CAN'T SEE
ME?

HOW DO I KNOW YA
HIT A HOMER.. IF I DIDN'T
EVEN SEE YA RUN
AROUND TH' BASES!



DICK'S SCRAPPY SPIRIT
STAMPED HIM AS A WINNING
PLAYER FROM THE
START..

BARTELL WHO HAILS FROM
ALMEDA CALIFORNIA, IS SO
ACTIVE WHEN PLAYING THAT
HE HAS EARNED FOR HIMSELF
THE NICKNAME OF "THE
ALMEDA INSECT"

INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by
ART
GORDON

A SLEEK YACHT GLIDES MAJESTICALLY INTO THE HARBOR OF A TROPICAL ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC....



ON BOARD ARE ITS OWNER, JOHN WALLACE, AND HIS GUEST KENT THURSTON, ALIAS THE INVISIBLE HOOB AND ENEMY OF CRIME.



HMM—IT'S AN ACTIVE VOLCANO, EH WALLACE?

YES, KENT—WELL... LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!

AS YOU KNOW, WE HAVE VALUABLE LEAD MINES HERE, NEEDED IN ARMAMENTS... BUT LATELY NO SHIPMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE...



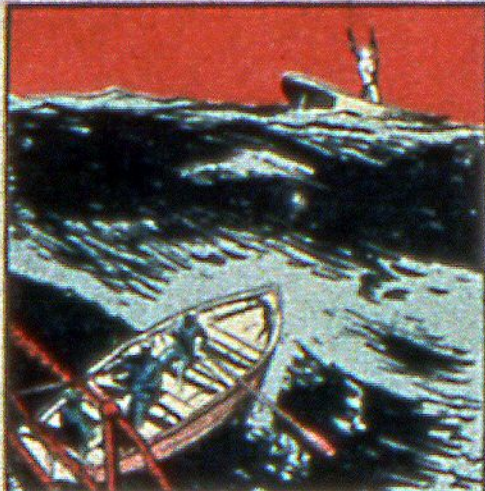
I'VE SENT THREE ENGINEERS THERE AND HAVE RECEIVED NO REPORTS FROM ANY OF THEM, KENT—SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS IS GOING ON IN THAT MINE AND IT'S YOUR JOB TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!



SUDDENLY THERE IS A CRY FROM ONE OF THE CREW...



LOOK! A MAN'S WAVING TO US FROM A DRIFTING LIFEBOAT—QUICK—TO THE RESCUE!!



KENT—IT'S RENLY, ONE OF THE ENGINEERS I SENT TO THE MINE.... HE'S RAVING MAD!



GET ME AWAY FROM THERE... THERE ARE GHOSTS ON THAT ISLAND... TAKE ME AWAY I SAY...



HAVE YOU SEEN THEM, RENLY?

NO! NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN THEM—THEY LURK IN THE GORGE AND KILL... MEN DIE... I'VE SEEN THEM STRUCK DOWN... BUT I ESCAPED—THEY'RE INVISIBLE!!



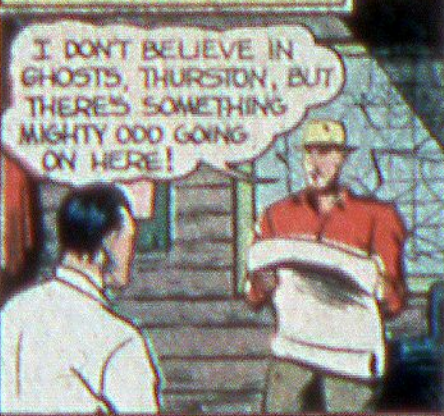
INVISIBLE, EH?

THAT ACCOUNTS FOR YOUR NOT RECEIVING ANY SHIPMENTS WALLACE—THE WORKERS ARE TERRIFIED AND REFUSE TO WORK... I'M LEAVING FOR THE MINE AT ONCE!



GOOD LUCK, SON!

LATER—AT THE CABIN OF DARKE, MANAGER OF THE MINE...



THE LEAD MINES ARE AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN—TO REACH THEM YOU MUST PASS THROUGH A NARROW GORGE—SEVERAL NATIVE WORKERS HAVE DIED THERE!!



THE NATIVES WON'T WORK AND ARE AFRAID TO GO NEAR THE MINE—WELL, GOOD LUCK, THURSTON!



THINK I'LL CLIMB OVER THIS HILL AND GET DOWN TO THE MINE FROM THERE—CAN'T TAKE CHANCES OF GOING THROUGH THE GORGE!!



WELL—HERE'S THE ENTRANCE...WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE'S COMING OUT!



IT'S A NATIVE— GREAT GUNS— HE'S HEADED FOR THE GORGE!



AS THE NATIVE RUNS INTO THE GORGE HE SUDDENLY PITCHES FORWARD WITH A YELL OF TERROR



WHEW! WHAT A NARROW ESCAPE FOR ME...NOW TO GO INTO THE MINE AND LOOK AROUND!!



SUDDENLY THERE IS A LOUD RESOUNDING NOISE AND THE ROOF OF THE MINE SHAFT COLLAPSES....

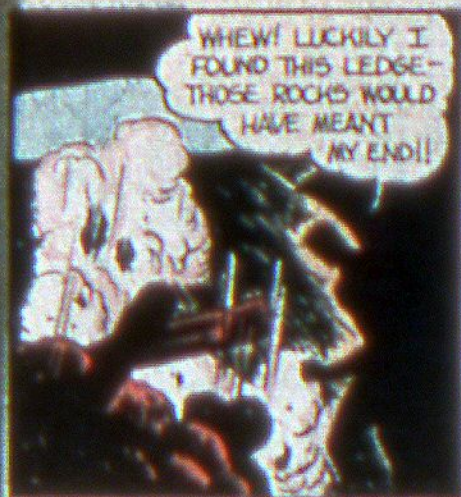


HMM...THAT'S FUNNY— THERE'S BEEN NO WORK GOING ON FOR SOME TIME, AND YET HERE ARE SOME NEW TRACKS!!

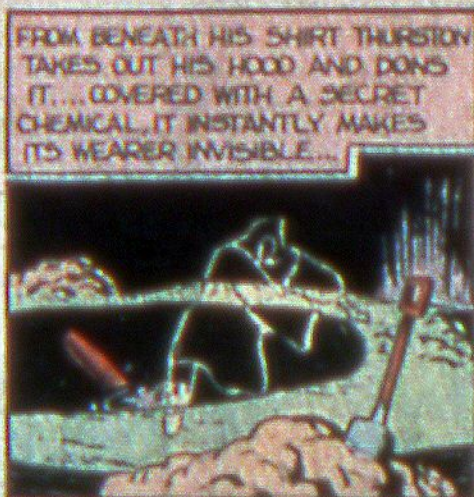


THAT MEANS SOMEONE HAS BEEN WORKING HERE—BUT WHO...AND FOR WHAT? WHAT'S THIS?— A PIT....





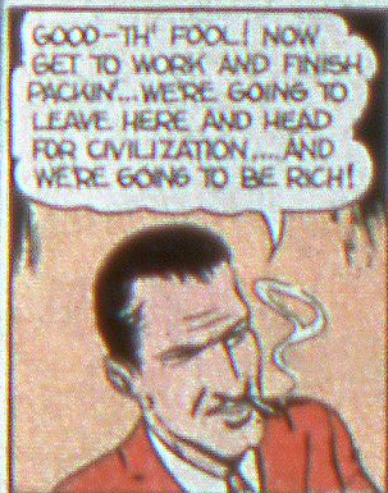
WHEW! LUCKILY I FOUND THIS LEDGE—THOSE ROCKS WOULD HAVE MEANT MY END!!



FROM BENEATH HIS SHIRT THURSTON TAKES OUT HIS HOOD AND DONS IT... COVERED WITH A SECRET CHEMICAL, IT INSTANTLY MAKES ITS WEARER INVISIBLE...



MEANWHILE—AT DARKE'S CABIN...
DID YOU FOLLOW ORDERS?
I'LL SAY, BOSS—HE'S BURIED UNDER A TON OF ROCKS! HA-HA!



GOOD—TH' FOOL! NOW GET TO WORK AND FINISH PACKIN'... WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE HERE AND HEAD FOR CIVILIZATION... AND WE'RE GOING TO BE RICH!



HA-HA—TH' NATIVES ARE SCARED STIFF... THINK THERE ARE GHOSTS HERE—WE KNOW BETTER, EH?
YEAH—INSTEAD, WE GO THROUGH A SECRET TUNNEL AND COME OUT ON THE OTHER SIDE!

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE GORGE, TWO OF DARKE'S MEN ARE TALKING...



SO THAT'S IT... THE GORGE IS FULL OF... GREAT GUNS—I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE...

LET'S GO, MATT!



WHAT TH'-? H-HELP!! I'M CHOKIN'—UGH! HELP, MATT!

QUIT ACTIN', SPIKE... WE GOTTA GO!



SPIKE'S PASSED OUT... IT C-CAN'T BE—I'VE GOT TO TELL TH' BOSS!



THE HOOD FOLLOWS MATT AS HE DASHES THROUGH THE TUNNEL...

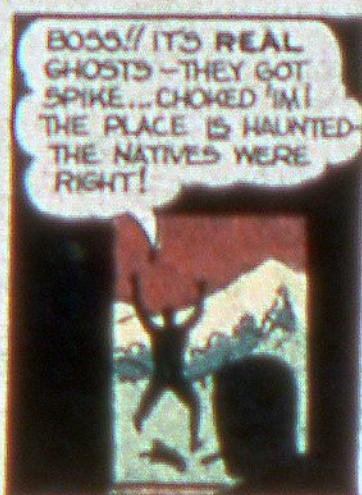
IT'S CHASIN' ME... H-HELP!!

WOO-O!!! I'M COMING TO GET YOU, MATT!



WHERE'S MATT AND SPIKE?

DUNNO... LOOK! HERE COMES MATT RUNNING LIKE FURY—SOMETHING'S UP, BOSS!!

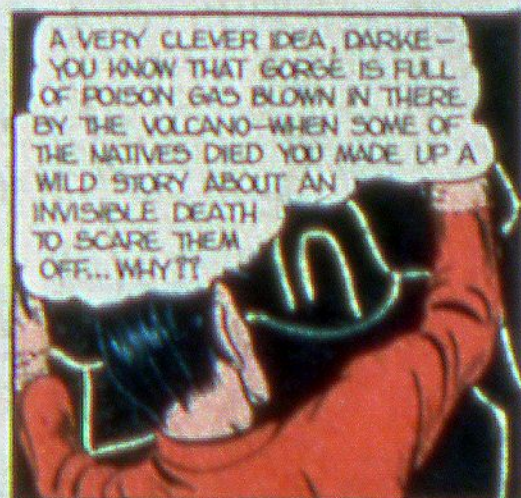
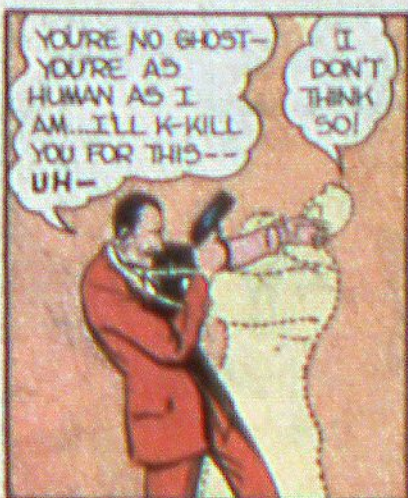


BOSS!! IT'S REAL GHOSTS—THEY GOT SPIKE... CHOKED 'IM! THE PLACE IS HAUNTED—THE NATIVES WERE RIGHT!

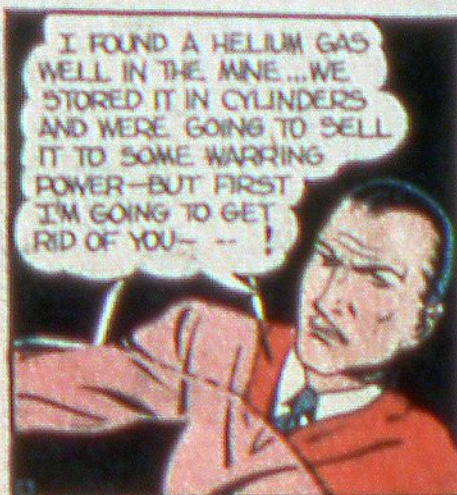


STOP IT, FOOL! YOU KNOW WE JUST DID IT AS A GAG TO SCARE THEM... YOU KNOW WHY THOSE MEN DIED!!

MAYBE SO, BUT I TELL YOU I SAW SPIKE GO DOWN... AND WE WEREN'T IN THE GORGE!



A FEW SECONDS LATER THERE IS A TERRIBLE DIN AS THE CABIN GOES UP IN A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION...



AS THE TWO GRAPPLE, DARKE'S GUN POINTS AT SOME NEARBY CASES...



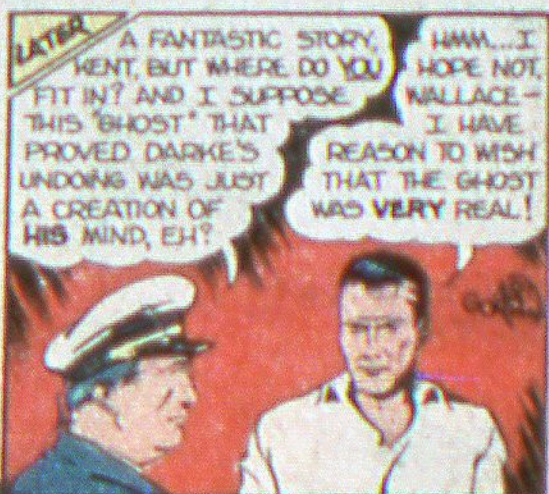
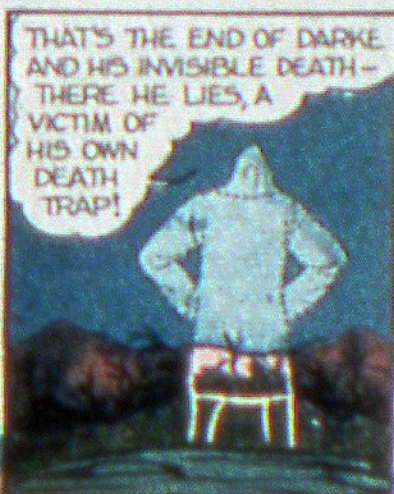
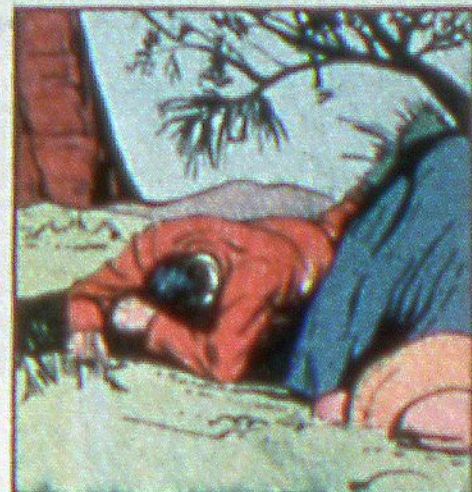
MIRACULOUSLY, DARKE SURVIVES THE EXPLOSION...



NOT FAR AWAY THE HOOD IS ALSO ALIVE...

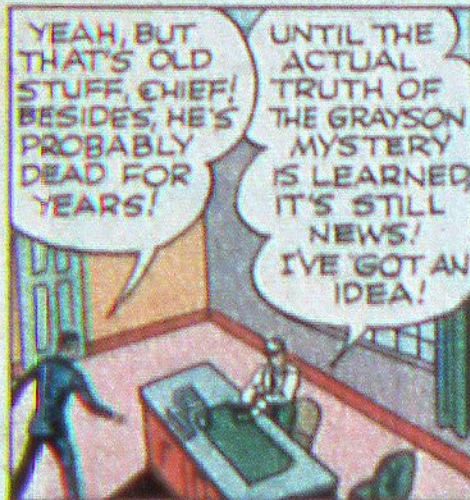
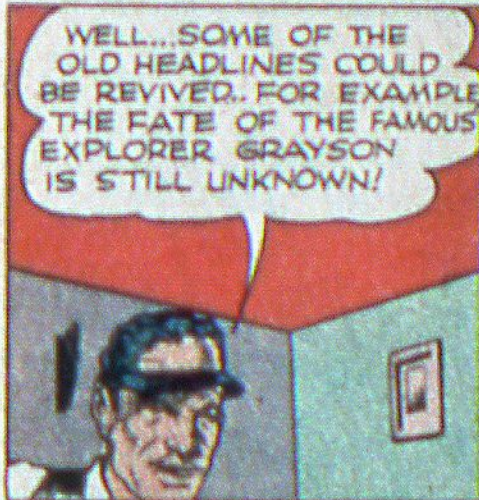


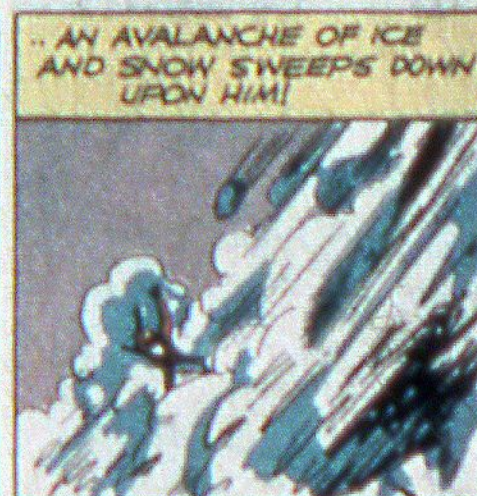
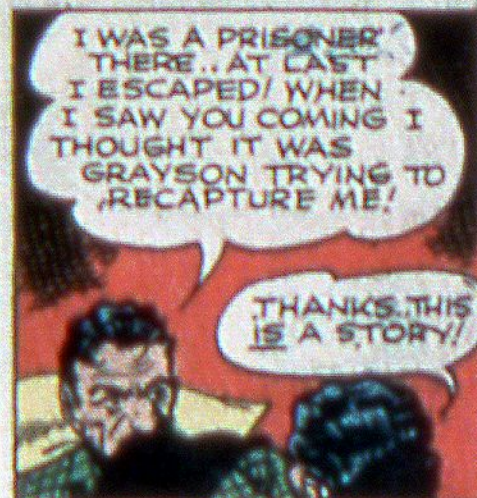
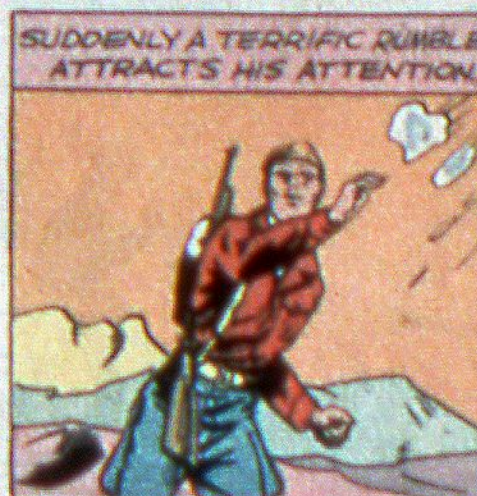
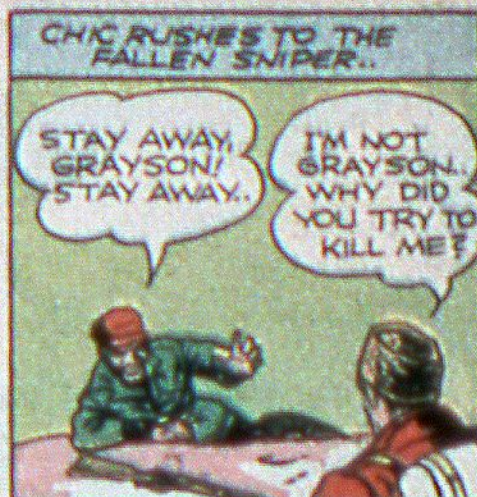
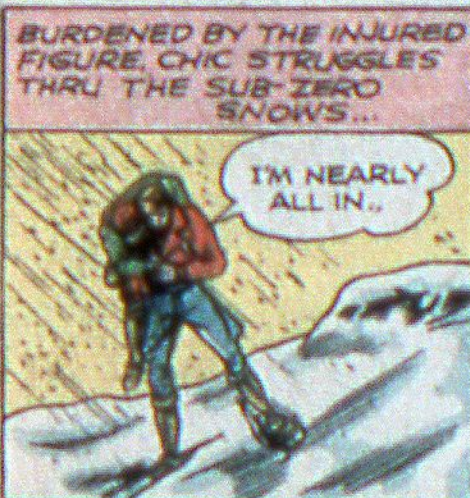
SUDDENLY DARKE TRIPS AND GOES TUMBLING DOWN THE HILL TOWARD THE POISON-FILLED GORGE



CHIC CARTER

ACE REPORTER





THE STRANGE WOLF-MAN
PAIR FORCES CHIC THRU
THE DESOLATE HILLS...



REACHING A SUMMIT, HE SEES IN A
VALLEY AHEAD, THE MAD EXPLORER'S
WEIRD ENTERPRISE..



THESE WILL BE YOUR
QUARTERS UNTIL I
ASSIGN YOU A PLACE
IN THE MINE.. FANG
WILL GUARD YOU.. HA!
HA! HA! HA!



HE'S GONE.. TOO
BAD HIS BRILLIANT
MIND SHOULD BE WARPED
BY INSANITY!



BUT IF HE THINKS
HE'LL ENSLAVE ME, HE
IS GOOFY! I'M GETTING
OUT OF HERE!



THE
WOLF!



WITH SAVAGE FURY, FANG
LEADS AT CARTER'S THROAT!



THE SWIFT IMPACT OF THE
PLUNGING BEAST CARRIES
BOTH TO THE FLOOR...
THE WOLF'S EYES BLAZE...

LUCKY GRAYSON
MISSED THIS KNIFE
HIDDEN IN MY BOOT!



AGAIN AND AGAIN CHIC'S
KNIFE FLASHES INTO THE
RAGING BEAST, AND..



NOW TO FIX THIS
ARM UP, AND THEN
TAKE CARE OF
GRAYSON!



AS CHIC MAKES A DASH FOR FREEDOM, A GUARD'S RIFLE CRACKS...

BAH! MISSED 'IM!

HE RAN FOR THE MINE TUNNEL! LET HIM GO. HE'S TRAPPED WITH THE REST OF THE WORKERS!

THINGS ARE HAPPENING TOO FAST AROUND HERE. BUT I HAVE PREPARED WELL FOR A TIME LIKE THIS... FOLLOW ME! HEH! HEH!

UNKNOWN TO THE MAD EXPLORER, CHIC HIDES JUST INSIDE THE MINE ENTRANCE...

HEH-HEH! I'LL BLOW THEM ALL TO KINGDOM COME WITH THIS DYNAMITE CHARGE!!

AFTER LIGHTING THE FUSE, GRAYSON RUSHES TO SAFETY, LITTLE KNOWING THAT A DIFFERENT STORY IS UNFOLDING WITHIN THE TUNNEL...

THROW DOWN YOUR SHOVELS! YOU ARE NO LONGER GRAYSON'S SLAVES! HE PLANNED TO DYNAMITE THE MINE, BUT I STAMPED OUT THE FUSE JUST IN TIME!

IS THERE ANOTHER WAY OUT OF HERE?

THAT'S AN OLD SHAFT TO THE REAR OF THE MINE THAT EVEN GRAYSON DON'T KNOW OF... BUT THEY'LL CATCH US AGAIN ANYWAY!

NOT IF WE WORK FAST! QUICK... GET ME A FUSE... A LONG ONE!

INSERTING A NEW FUSE INTO THE CHARGE, CHIC BRINGS THE END BACK INTO THE MINE...

THEY'RE COMING. LIGHT IT!

AS GRAYSON ENTERS TO INVESTIGATE HIS BLAST FAILURE, THE CHARGE GOES OFF, TRAPPING HIM. CHIC'S GROUP EXITS TO SAFETY...

THAT CAUGHT THE MAD-MAN ALL RIGHT!

HURRY! THE WHOLE MINE'S CAVING IN!

WHEW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! NOW TO HUSTLE BACK HOME AND WRITE THIS CRAZY STORY... BUT I KNOW THEY WON'T BELIEVE IT!

CRASH!

MYSTERY OF THE MINE



Cliff Hanson, top hand of the Broken-X outfit, hitched his gun belt with a practiced flick of his hand and grinned sardonically.

"So you rannies think this new yap is gonna solve our little mystery, huh?" he drawled. "Well, he's got the chance."

Several cowpokes in various attitudes of relaxation voiced their opinions of the newcomer in their own colorful fashion.

"Christian," said one of them. "Wonder if he is. Ain't never heard of him. Ain't a cowman, is he?"

"Naw. City dude looks like to me," said another. "Perky youngster, though."

The door of the bunkhouse opened and Dane Galloway, owner of the Broken-X, stepped inside. He was scowling.

"Just in case you slick punchers don't know it," he said, "we lost three hundred head again last night . . . Now gents, this has gotta stop. You either find out how these cows are getting out of here, or I bring in a bunch of Association men."

Dane Galloway turned and strode out of the bunkhouse. The men looked at each other, and Cliff Hanson scratched an ear thoughtfully.

"Well," he drawled, "guess we gotta do somethin', or find us another outfit, eh?"

At the porch of the big rambling ranchhouse, Dane halted as Sheriff Briggs rode up and dismounted.

"Howdy, Briggs," said Dane.

"Howdy, Dane."

The sheriff came up on the porch and took off his hat to mop a perspiring brow.

"Been hearin' 'bout this feller

Jimmy Christian," he said conversationally.

"Nothing bad, I presume?"

Briggs shook his head. "Association man, ain't he?"

Dane nodded. "Yeah. But if he don't get a little co-operation from the sheriff's office, how's he gonna find anything?"

"We're doin' our level best, Dane. I got men planted all around Moon Valley. They ain't a hole big enough fer a weasel to slip through . . ."

Dane inorted. "But cows are slipping through nevertheless — three hundred head last night."



Briggs, something has gotta be done. There's an election coming up next month."

Jimmy Christian knew few facts about the rustling going on in Moon Valley. He knew only what everyone else knew: cows were being rustled by the hundred. Cows simply vanishing into thin air, without leaving a single clue as to their disappearance. In some ways it was uncanny. Jimmy had been commissioned by the Cattle-men's Association to run down the rustlers.

It was an out and out fact that the men working for Dane didn't like him; rather, it was a matter of

suspicion of a stranger, logical in men of the cattle ranges. Seeing their attitude, Jimmy didn't hope for much help from them. He would be on his own in this matter.

That same night, more than fifty cows vanished from the North Ridge. Bland, one of the riders, was shot, but he managed to reach the ranch before he collapsed. His story was brief: two masked men had thrown a gun on him about midnight. He had tried to draw, but one of them shot him. When he came to the herd had disappeared.

Near dawn, Jimmy, riding alone, picked up the trail of the rustled cows just below North Ridge. He followed it for three miles. Then it entered Dead Man's Meadow, a rocky section of several square miles that was once the hangout of bad men and outlaws. It was tough going and hard tracking, and at length he lost the trail on the hard lava rock.

He rode on toward a towering butte that reared its bald head five hundred feet above the surrounding country. When he came to the base of the cliff, he dismounted and searched the ground. Yes, there they were! Cow tracks! But they ended at the solid rock wall!

Jimmy scratched his head and frowned. Cows couldn't jump over mountains. They had not turned back. Ah, then he saw it. A mass of thick brush was piled against the cliff base. Jimmy tore it away. A huge cave entrance was revealed. He listened. He wasn't sure, but he thought he could hear a low rumbling sound. He tied his horse and strode into the tunnel.

He walked fully a thousand yards into the darkness when he saw a flickering light. It was a lantern, hanging to the framework of a power windlass, such as used in mines. He approached the mechanism. As he halted before it, the motor clicked and began revolving,

winding a steel cable over the massive drum. An elevator!

Jimmy suddenly heard the low bawling of cattle. The sounds came from another tunnel off to the right. So that was it! There was a corral in some other room of the mine. But what was the secret?

The elevator came up, a huge freight type, and jerked to a halt. Two men got out. Jimmy kept in the shadows and watched. The men walked up the tunnel, returned in a few minutes with a steer. They drove the frightened bovine into the elevator cage and went back for another. Then they stepped inside the cage and the windlass began revolving.

Jimmy waited till the car top was dropping below the floor level, then he sprinted across the cave and climbed on top. The ride down was all of three hundred feet. Then the car halted and the men drove the steers into a broad tunnel. Jimmy slipped off his perch and, darting like a shadow, followed the rustlers.

The shaft was several hundred yards long and ended in a large room where a corral had been built. In it were a score or more of bawling cattle. Jimmy hid in a recess of the wall and watched the men. They drove the steers into the corral and came back toward the elevator. Jimmy crouched into the niche and held his breath. If they saw him, it would be curtains. They passed within two feet of where he stood and in a few minutes Jimmy heard the whine of the car going up.

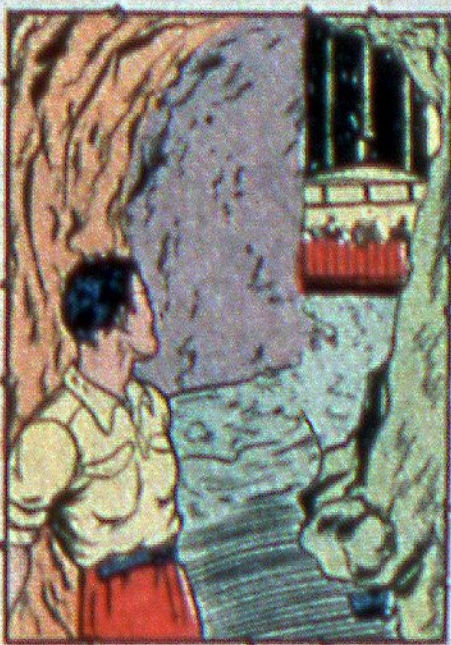
Now to find out what was going on! Jimmy crossed to the corral, circled it, and discovered another tunnel leading into the darkness. His flashlight cut through the gloom and he followed its beam silently. As he progressed, he heard water running. Abruptly he came out upon the banks of an underground river. A makeshift wharf was built to the water's edge. This,

doubtless, was Dry River. It entered Moon Valley to the north, cut the valley in two parts, and vanished in the sinks near Dead Man's Meadow. It came to the surface again across the Mexican border.

A small cave-like room off this main one caught Jimmy's attention. It was evidently an execution chamber of sorts. Blood-spattered beams and planks were everywhere. The carcass of a steer lay in a welter of gore to one side. A huge butcher's table stood in the middle of the room, and butcher's implements hung from the walls.

What, in heaven's name, thought Jimmy, was all this? Then a thought struck him. Of course, that was it! What a clever setup!

He heard a sudden commotion



on the river and darted into the shadows. A large raft or barge was being propelled by poles down the river. Two men were aboard. They drew into the wharf and threw a rope around a stump.

"Ain't here yet," one of them said. "What in thunder's keepin' 'em?"

The other said, "Well, come on, let's start killin'." He strode toward the corral. Jimmy waited until both men were out of sight, then he sprinted up the tunnel toward the

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elevator. It was just dropping into view, with its cargo of two steers. When they had been driven off down the tunnel, he climbed on top of the cage and waited.

The men soon returned and the car went up.

Back at the Broken-X ranch, Jimmy told a strange story. Dane Galloway listened in amazement.

"So that's it!" he exclaimed. "Who'd ever thought of it? Killing them down in the old mine and shipping the meat out an underground river. Gosh, it's the darndest thing I ever heard of, Jimmy! Well, you did the trick."

Sheriff Briggs shook Jimmy's hand. "Darn my hide," said he. "Imagine a tenderfoot comin' out here and solvin' a mystery that's had us all in hot water fer weeks . . . that's a new one—butcherin' beef underground an' shippin' the meat over the border."

Jimmy shook hands again with Dane Galloway.

"Well," he said, "I'm glad I was able to help. Got to be off now. I think the Association wants me to look into something else up Slate Rock way."

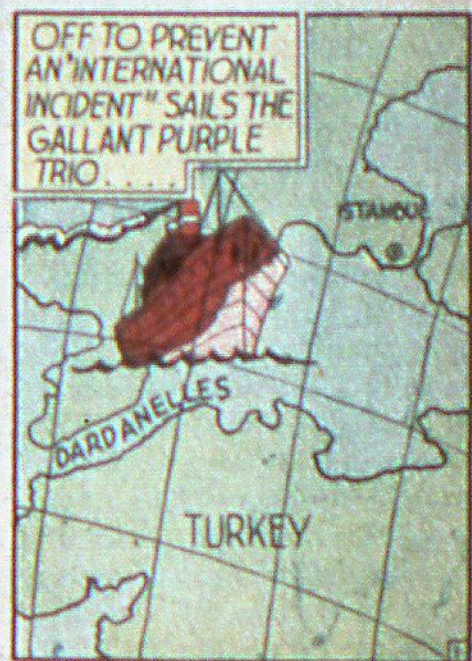
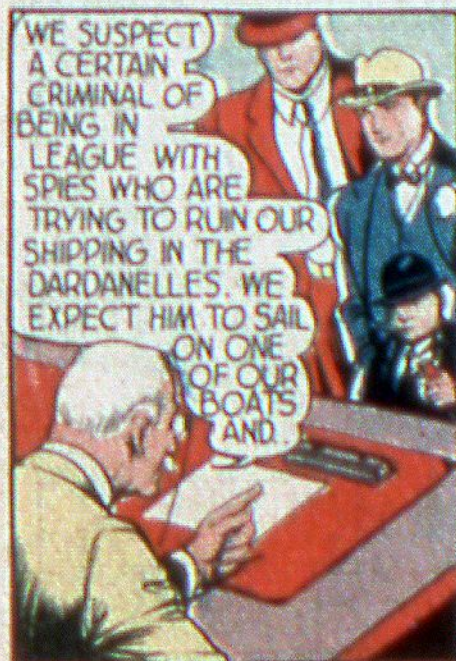
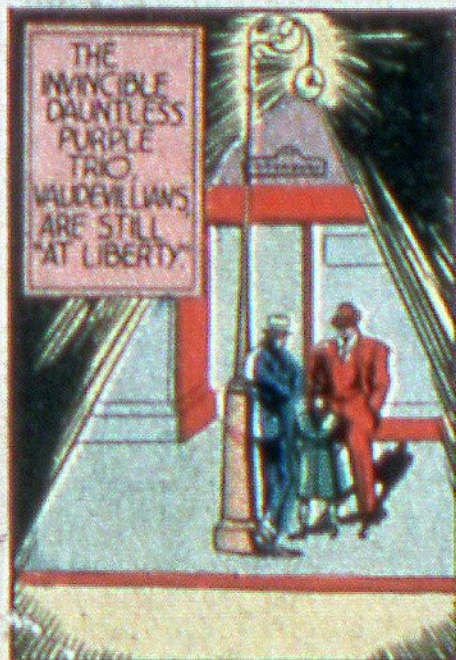
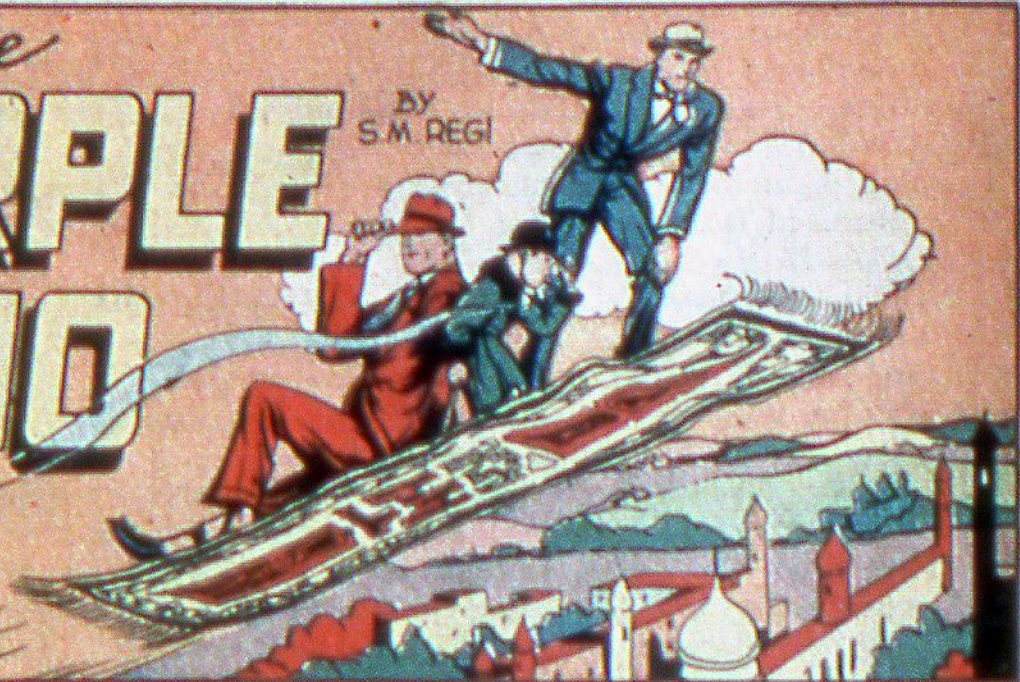
Read **THE COWARD**

IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF

SMASH COMICS ON SALE AUGUST 15TH

The PURPLE TRIO

BY
S.M. REGI



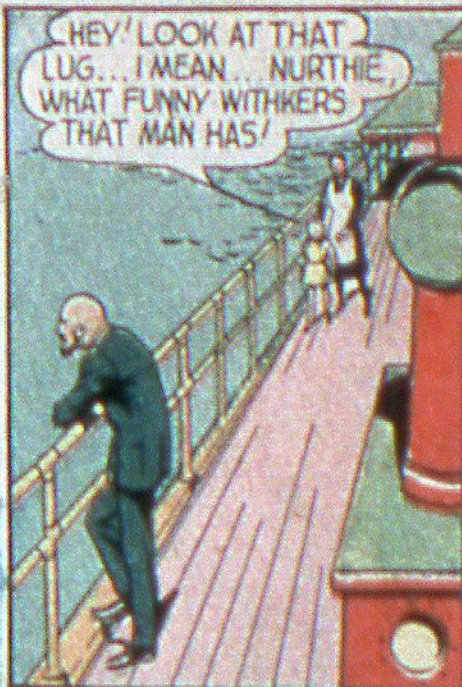
IN THE SHIP'S CABIN, AN INTERESTING TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE...

NURSE AND SISTER SUE ARE GOING ON DECK TO SEE THE SEA!

AND TAKE THAT NEED OUTTA YOUR MOUTH, SUSY!

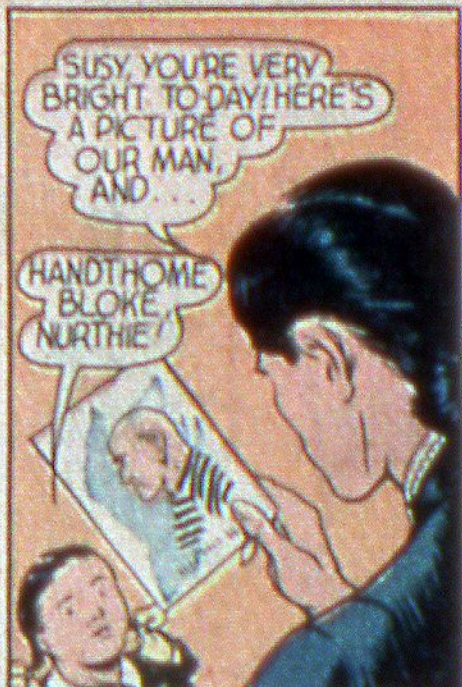


HEY! LOOK AT THAT LUG... I MEAN... NURTHIE, WHAT FUNNY WITHKERS THAT MAN HAS!

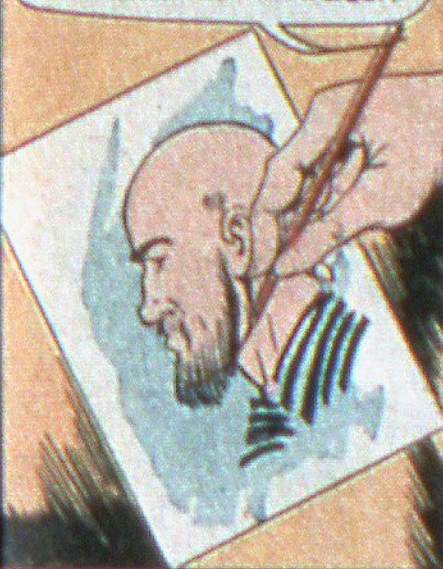


SUSY, YOU'RE VERY BRIGHT TO DAY! HERE'S A PICTURE OF OUR MAN, AND...

HANDHOME BLOKE NURTHIE!



AND NOW BEHOLD THE DISTINGUISHED TRAVELER!



SUSY GOES TO WORK

HELLO, MITHTER! YOU LOOK JUST LIKE MY GRAND-FATHER!



DO I? I BET HE'S A HANDSOME MAN!

OH, YETH ONLY...



HIS WITHKERS DON'T COME OFF! HA! HA! HA!



DROPPING THE MIDGET LIKE A FISTFUL OF HORNETS, THE SPY BOLTS DOWN A HATCHWAY.



HEY! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

WELL, NOW WE KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE!



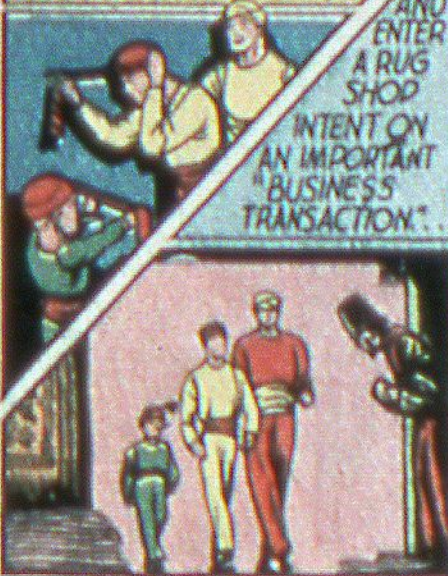
BUT THE BOAT DOCKS AT ISTANBUL AND THEIR PREY REMAINS HIDDEN.



IN THE TURKISH CAPITAL THE TRIO KEEPS A CEASELESS VIGIL UNTIL ONE DAY...



RETIRING TO THE SHADOWS, THEY TURN INTO ARMENIAN RUG MERCHANTS...



NO, NO, NO... I AM LOOKING FOR SOMETHING OF REAL WORTH! THIS HAS NO QUALITY, NO WORKMANSHIP!



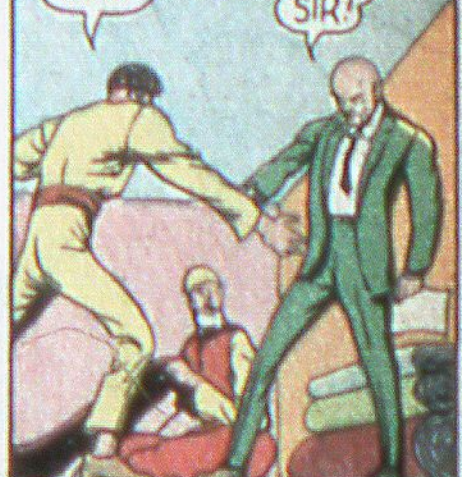
WHILE THE HAGGLING AND BICKERING KEEPS THE SHOP OWNER BUSY, OUR LITTLE FRIEND DOES SOME REAL RECONVOITERING ON HIS OWN.



IN A BACK ROOM, THE SPY IS READING AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO A WEAVER.



I'LL TAKE THAT PAPER, IF YOU DON'T MIND!



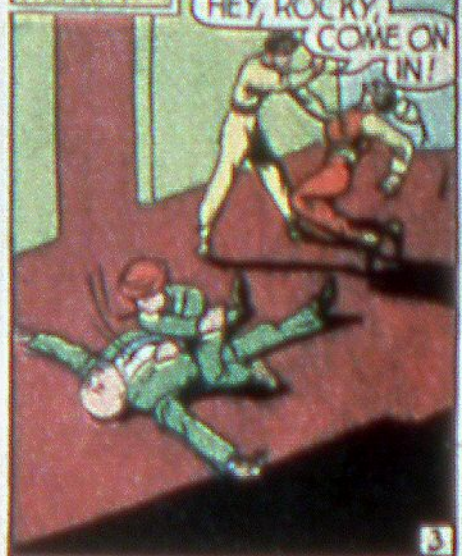
YOU'LL HAVE TO READ IT IN A RUG, AND ONLY THE SULTAN CAN DO THAT!

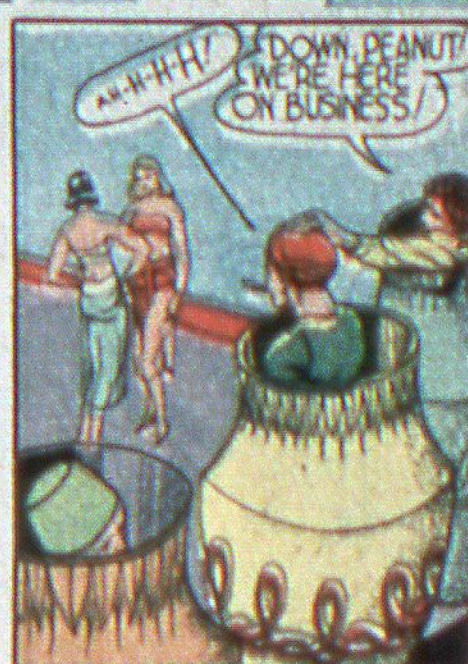


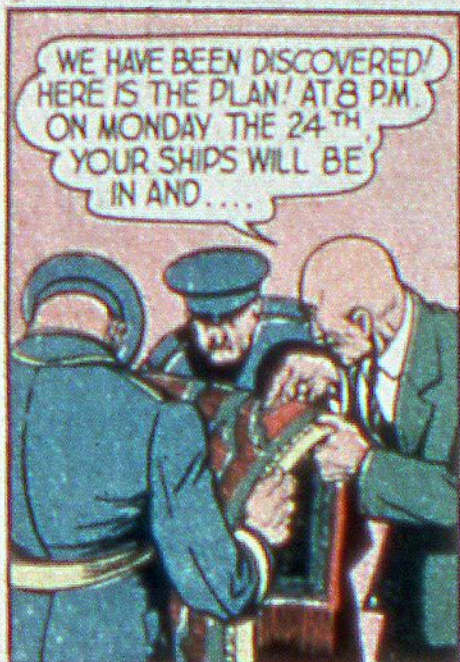
AS HE DASHES TO THE DOOR, THE SPY MEETS AN UNEXPECTED OBSTACLE...



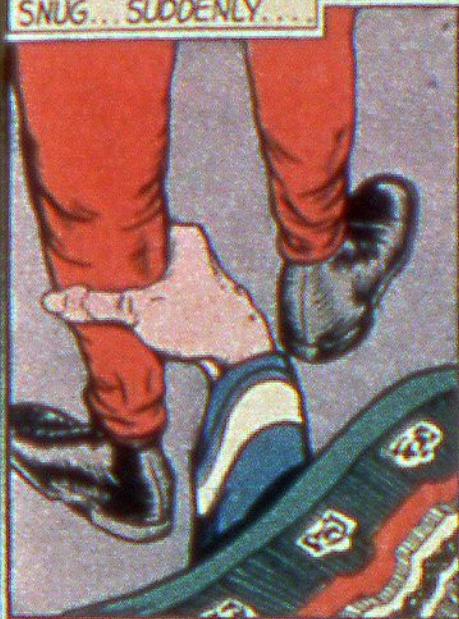
SURE, HARD BLOWS MAKE SHORT WORK OF SPY AND WEAVER...







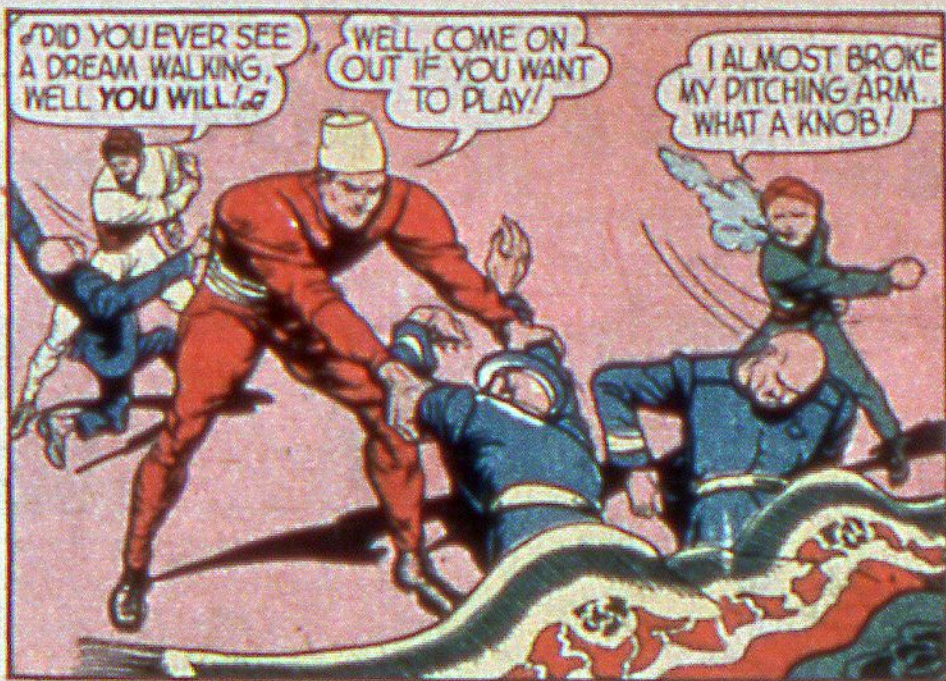
BUT THE GENERALS ARE NOT SO
SNUG... SUDDENLY...



"DID YOU EVER SEE
A DREAM WALKING,
WELL YOU WILL!"

WELL, COME ON
OUT IF YOU WANT
TO PLAY!

I ALMOST BROKE
MY PITCHING ARM...
WHAT A KNOB!



ROLL YOUR
OWN, I ALWAYS
SAY!



HEY, WHISKERS! HOW
ABOUT A LIFT... TO THE
POLICE STATION?



"PIGS IN BLANKETS"
AS WE SAY IN THE STATES...
SERVE WITH A GOOD
LONG SENTENCE!



YOU HAVE EARNED MY
COUNTRY'S UNDYING
GRATITUDE BY
REVEALING
THIS NEST OF
SPIES!



MORE DIFFICULTIES ARISE...

BUT THEY'LL
BE LONESOME
WITHOUT
THEIR SULTAN!

NO SIR, THEY
DON'T NEED
YOU IN THAT
HAREM!



NOW BEHAVE,
HALF-PINT! OR I'LL FEED
YOU TO THE SARDINES!

OKAY,
CAN IT!



DON'T MISS THE PUDDLE
TRIO'S NEXT ABSORBING
ADVENTURE IN
SMASH COMICS //

MORE OF THE PURPLE TRIO IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF SMASH COMICS.

Wun Cloo

THE DEFECTIVE
DETECTIVE

by GILL
FOX

SO WUN CLOO SENDS HIS
REWARD MONEY TO TH'
BANK IN AN ARMORED
CAR, EH? THAT'S A SWELL
CHANCE TO ROB HIM—OR
MY NAME AIN'T KNOCKY
KNISH!



HEY, DOC...LET'S HAVE
SOME OF THE CHEMICAL
YOU INVENTED...I'M GONNA
NAB WUN CLOO'S REWARD
MONEY!

OKAY,
KNOCKY.



BUT YOU DO THIS AT YOUR
OWN RISK! FOR, ONCE YOU
DRINK THIS MIXTURE YOU
WILL BECOME A CHILD, AND
I HAVE NOT INVENTED
AN ANTIDOTE THAT WILL
MAKE YOU A MAN AGAIN!

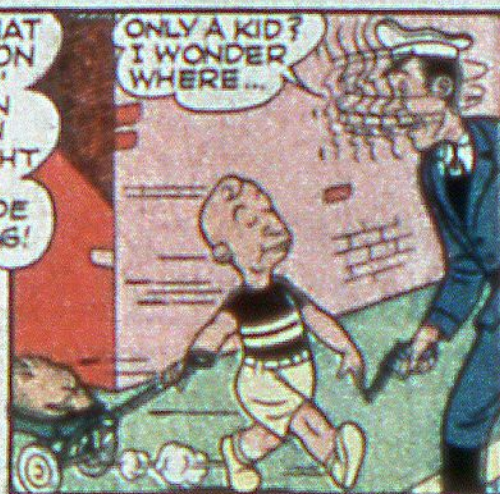
LATER...
AS THE
ARMOR-
ED CAR
PULLS
UP TO
THE
BANK
WITH
WUN
CLOO'S
REWARD
MONEY.



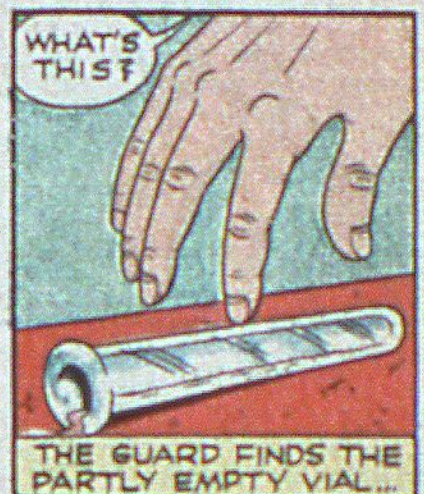
THAT'S A
DEAD-END
STREET HE'S
TURNING IN-
TO! I'M
GONNA
FOLLOW HIM!



ONLY A KID?
I WONDER
WHERE...



WHAT'S
THIS?



THE GUARD FINDS THE
PARTLY EMPTY VIAL...

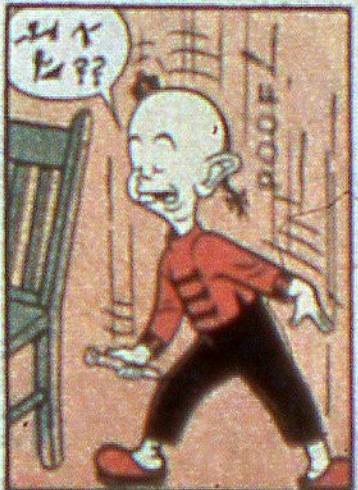
AND MR. WUN CLOO, ALL I SAW
WHEN I TURNED THE CORNER
WAS A KID AND HIS
WAGON. THEN I
FOUND THIS!



HMM... CONTENTS OF VIAL
LOOK NICE... EVEN
SMELLS NICE... I WONDER
IF IT TASTES NICE?



WUN
CLOO
DRINKS
THE
CHEM-
ICAL, AND...





NOW, I MUST CAPTURE CROOK AND ASK FOR ANTI-DOTE OR I WILL REMAIN A CHILD!



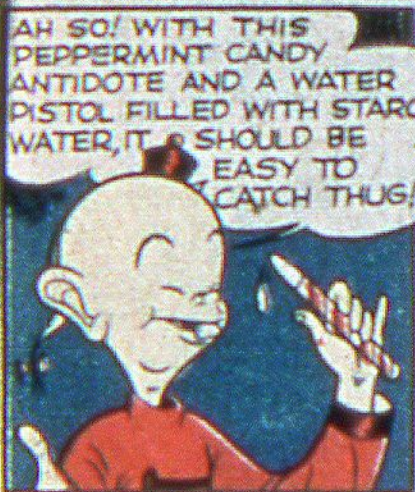
AFTER WEEKS OF FRUITLESS SEARCHING WUN CLOO IS STANDING ON A STREET CORNER, WHEN...



WHAT A CUTE LIL' CHINESE BOY - HERE, HAVE A STICK OF PEPPERMINT CANDY!



THE PEPPERMINT CANDY IS THE ANTIDOTE! WUN CLOO SHOOTS BACK TO HIS NORMAL SIZE!



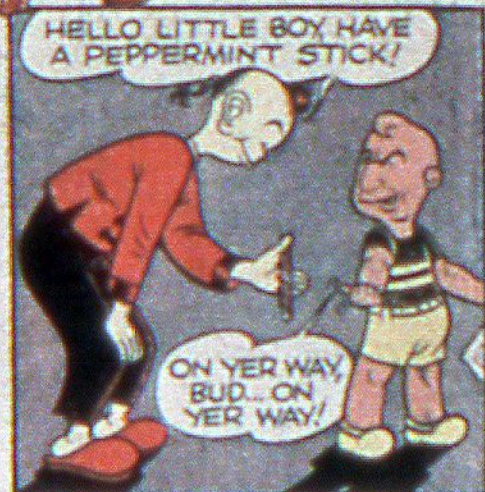
AH SO! WITH THIS PEPPERMINT CANDY ANTIDOTE AND A WATER PISTOL FILLED WITH STARCH WATER, IT SHOULD BE EASY TO CATCH THUG!



THE NEXT DAY...

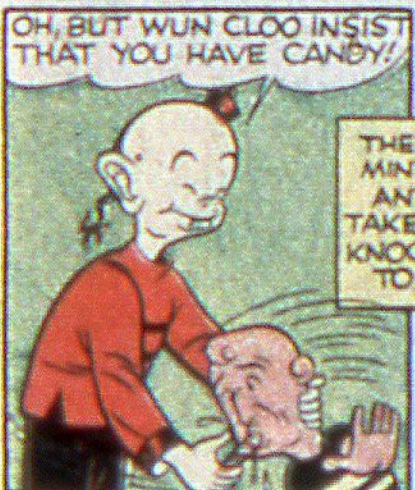
SO!

LEMME HAVE A PAPER, KID! HERE'S TEN BUCKS..KEEP TH' CHANGE!

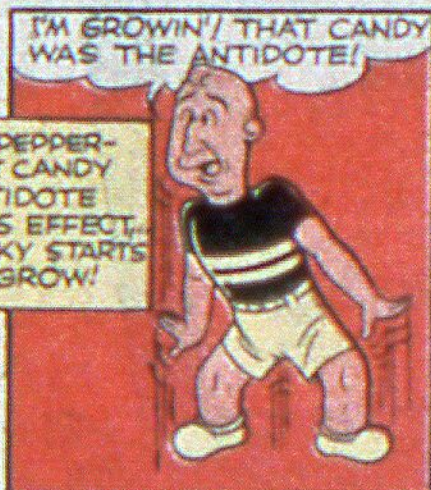


HELLO LITTLE BOY HAVE A PEPPERMINT STICK!

ON YER WAY, BUD... ON YER WAY!

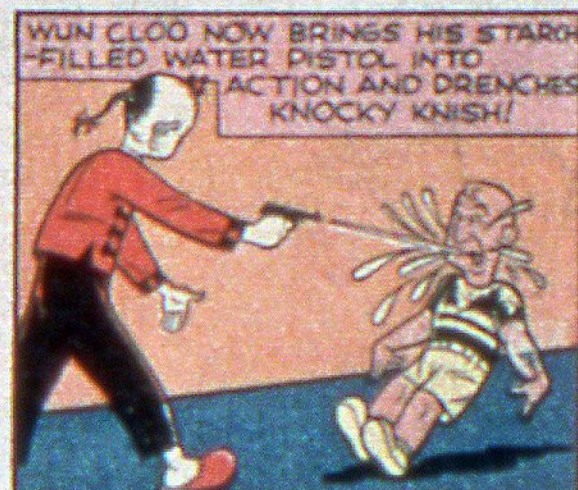


OH, BUT WUN CLOO INSIST THAT YOU HAVE CANDY!

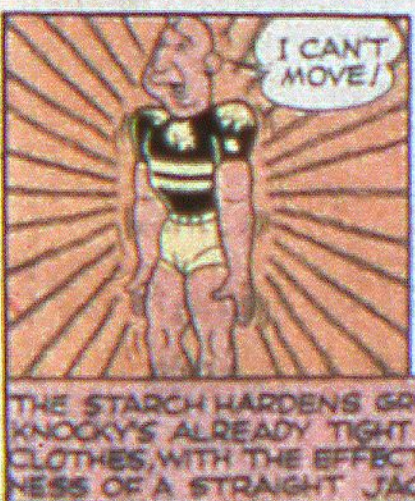


I'M GROWIN'! THAT CANDY WAS THE ANTIDOTE!

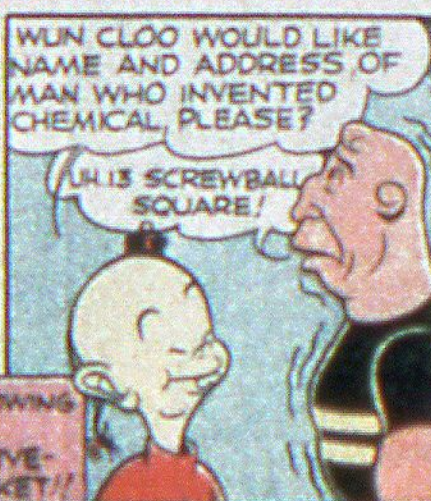
THE PEPPERMINT CANDY ANTIDOTE TAKES EFFECT, KNOCKY STARTS TO GROW!



WUN CLOO NOW BRINGS HIS STARCH-FILLED WATER PISTOL INTO ACTION AND DRENCHES KNOCKY KNISH!

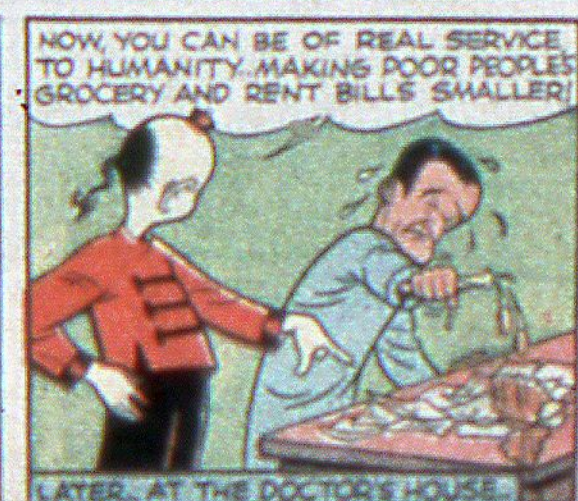


I CAN'T MOVE!



WUN CLOO WOULD LIKE NAME AND ADDRESS OF MAN WHO INVENTED CHEMICAL, PLEASE?

UH IS SCREWBALL SQUARE!



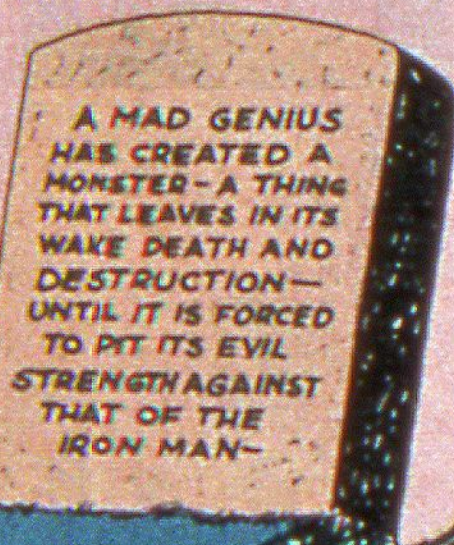
NOW, YOU CAN BE OF REAL SERVICE TO HUMANITY..MAKING POOR PEOPLE'S GROCERY AND RENT BILLS SMALLER!

LATER, AT THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE

BOZO THE ROBOT

HUGH HAZZARD,
WITH THE AID OF
HIS IRON MAN,
BOZO, CARRIES
ON RELENTLESSLY
IN HIS
CAMPAIGN AGAINST
ALL THOSE WHO
LUCK OUTSIDE
THE LAW—

by
WAYNE
REID.



A MAD GENIUS
HAS CREATED A
MONSTER—A THING
THAT LEAVES IN ITS
WAKE DEATH AND
DESTRUCTION—
UNTIL IT IS FORCED
TO PIT ITS EVIL
STRENGTH AGAINST
THAT OF THE
IRON MAN—

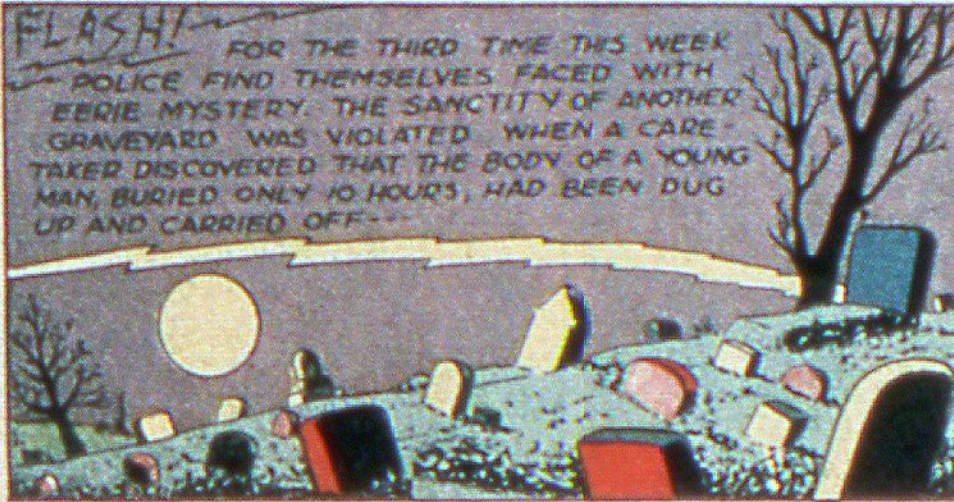


FLASH!

FOR THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK
POLICE FIND THEMSELVES FACED WITH
EERIE MYSTERY. THE SANCTITY OF ANOTHER
GRAVEYARD WAS VIOLATED WHEN A CARE-
TAKER DISCOVERED THAT THE BODY OF A YOUNG
MAN, BURIED ONLY 10 HOURS, HAD BEEN DUG
UP AND CARRIED OFF—

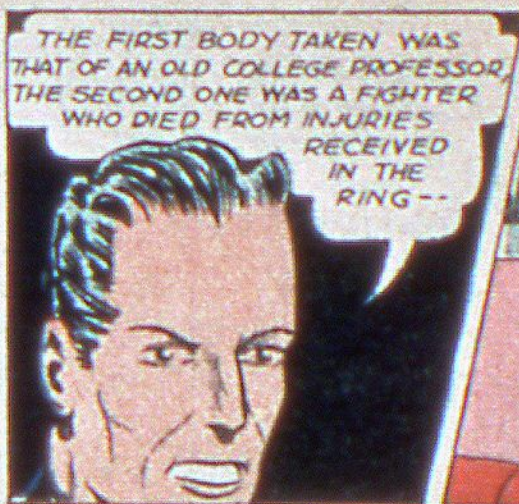
THE NEWS FLASH IS BROUGHT
TO THE EAGER EARS OF HUGH
HAZZARD----

--THE THREE GHOULISH THEFTS
ARE SIMILAR IN ONLY **ONE**
RESPECT--FOR NONE OF
THE CASES HAS REVEALED
A CLUE--

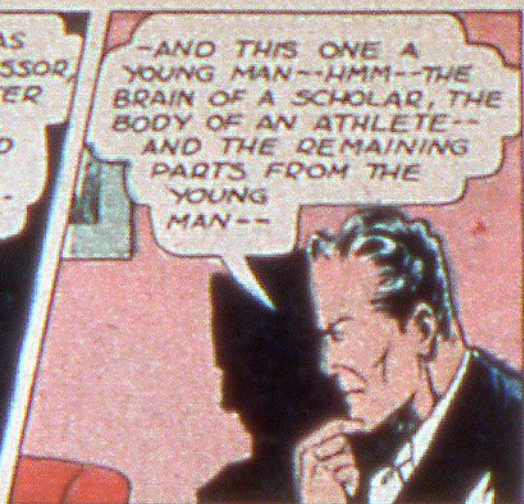




THIS CERTAINLY
MUST BE THE WORK
OF ONE MAN---
LET'S SEE!



THE FIRST BODY TAKEN WAS
THAT OF AN OLD COLLEGE PROFESSOR,
THE SECOND ONE WAS A FIGHTER
WHO DIED FROM INJURIES
RECEIVED
IN THE RING--

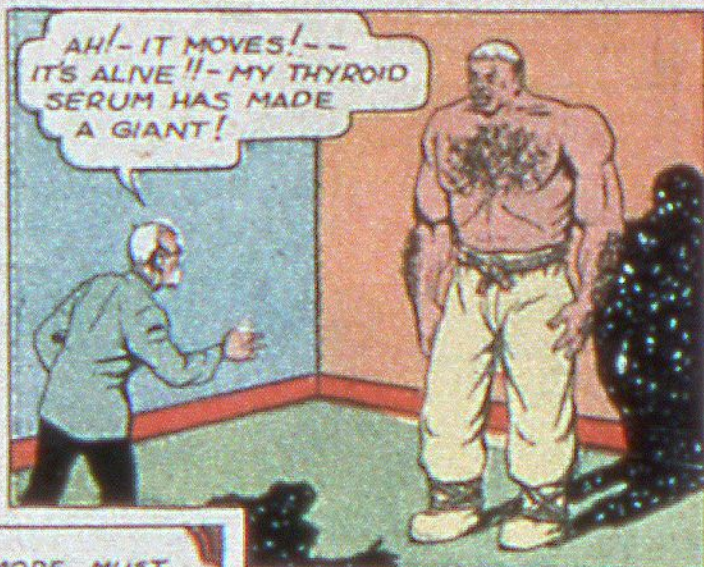


--AND THIS ONE A
YOUNG MAN--HMM--THE
BRAIN OF A SCHOLAR, THE
BODY OF AN ATHLETE--
AND THE REMAINING
PARTS FROM THE
YOUNG MAN--



NO- IT CAN'T BE--
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE--
UNTHINKABLE!

BUT COULD
HUGH HAZZARD
ONLY SEE
INSIDE
AN ISOLATED
HOUSE, JUST
OUTSIDE THE
CITY LIMITS--

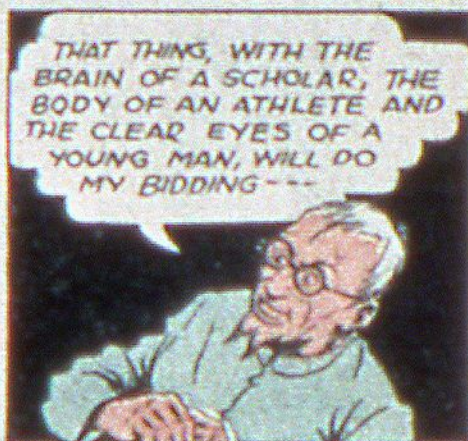


AH!-- IT MOVES!--
IT'S ALIVE!!-- MY THYROID
SERUM HAS MADE
A GIANT!

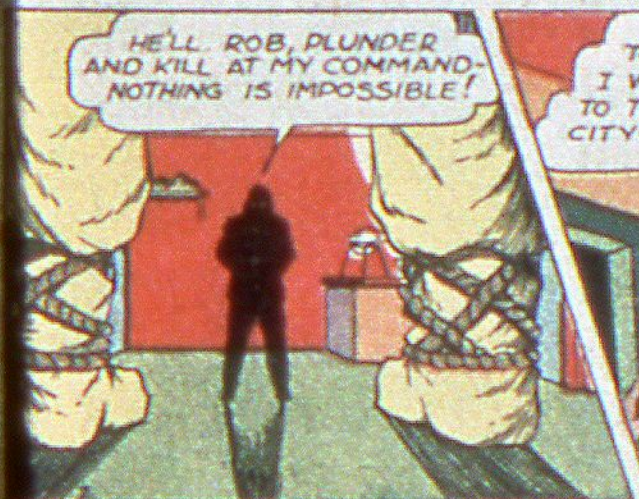


**I'VE CREATED
A MONSTER!**

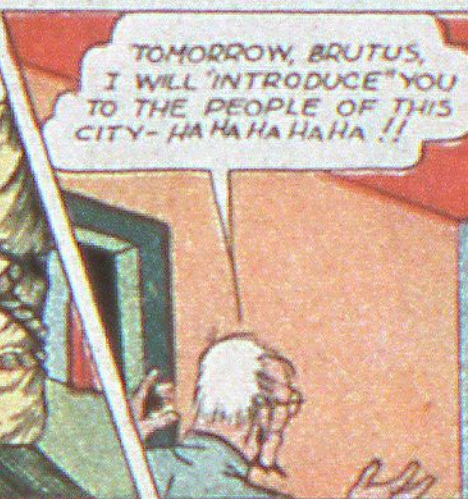
NO MORE MUST
I WORK MIDST DIRE
POVERTY, LONG FOR
THINGS ONLY MONEY
CAN BUY!



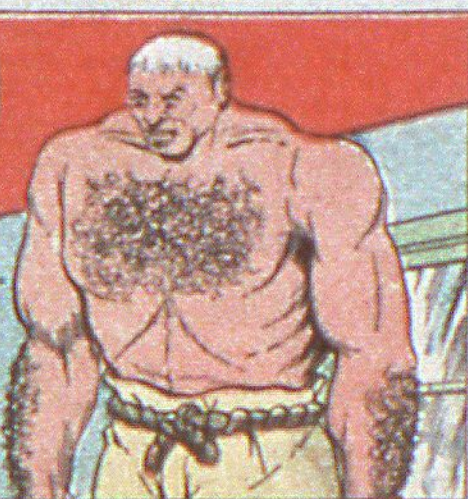
THAT THING, WITH THE
BRAIN OF A SCHOLAR, THE
BODY OF AN ATHLETE AND
THE CLEAR EYES OF A
YOUNG MAN, WILL DO
MY BIDDING---



HE'LL ROB, PLUNDER
AND KILL AT MY COMMAND--
NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE!



TOMORROW, BRUTUS,
I WILL 'INTRODUCE' YOU
TO THE PEOPLE OF THIS
CITY- HAH HAH HAH !!



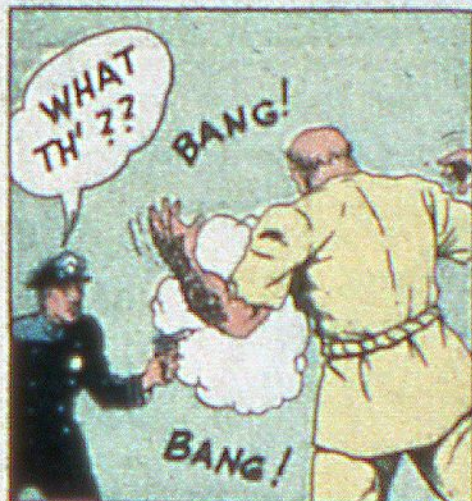
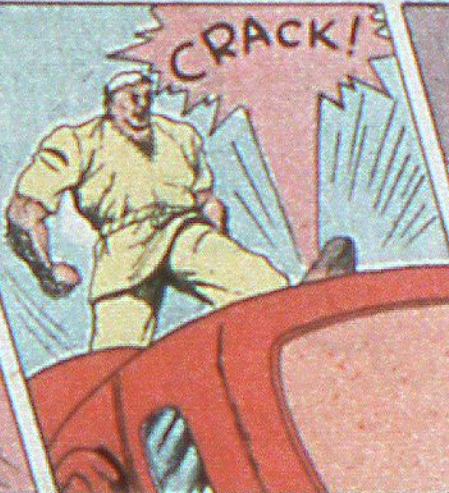
THE NEXT DAY, IN A CROWDED BUSINESS AREA--



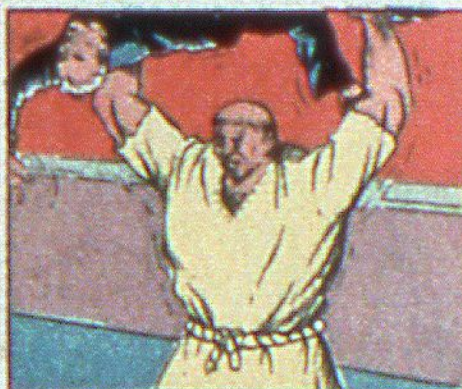
AND TOWERING ABOVE THE HEADS OF THE PEOPLE, THE HIDEOUS MONSTER STANDS BEWILDERED FOR A MOMENT---



SUDDENLY IT GOES WILD----



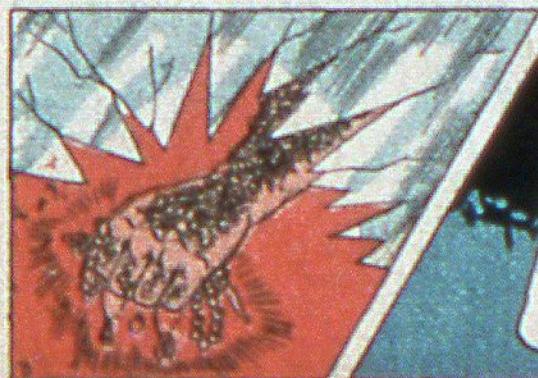
UNEFFECTED BY THE BULLETS, THE CREATURE SEIZES THE SCREAMING OFFICER---



AND THROWS HIM THROUGH THE WINDOW OF A JEWELRY STORE---

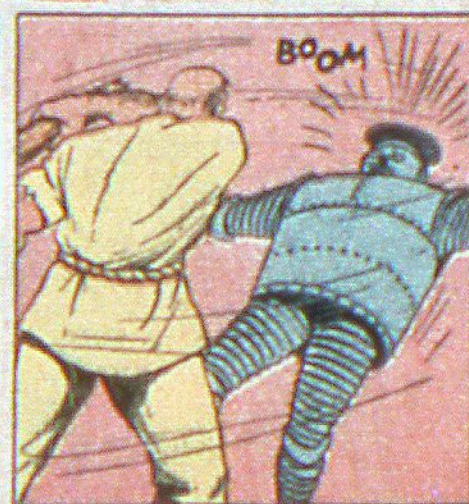
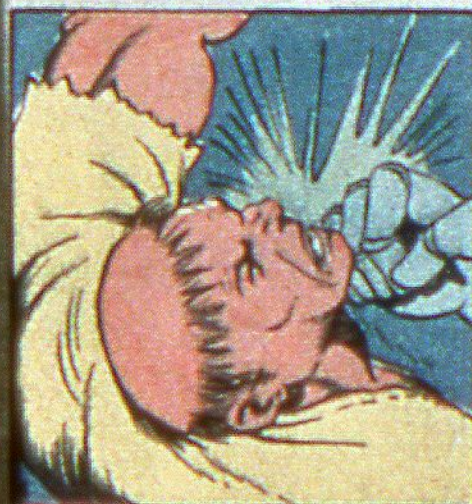
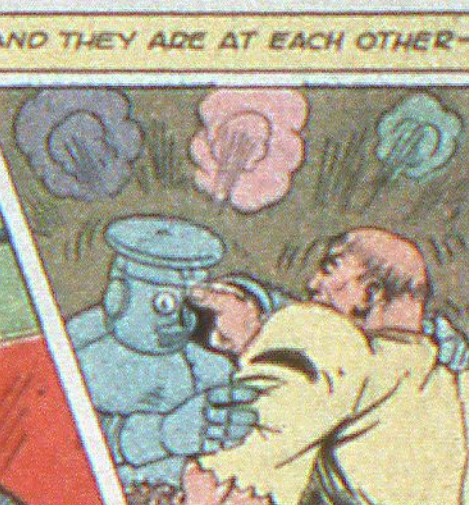
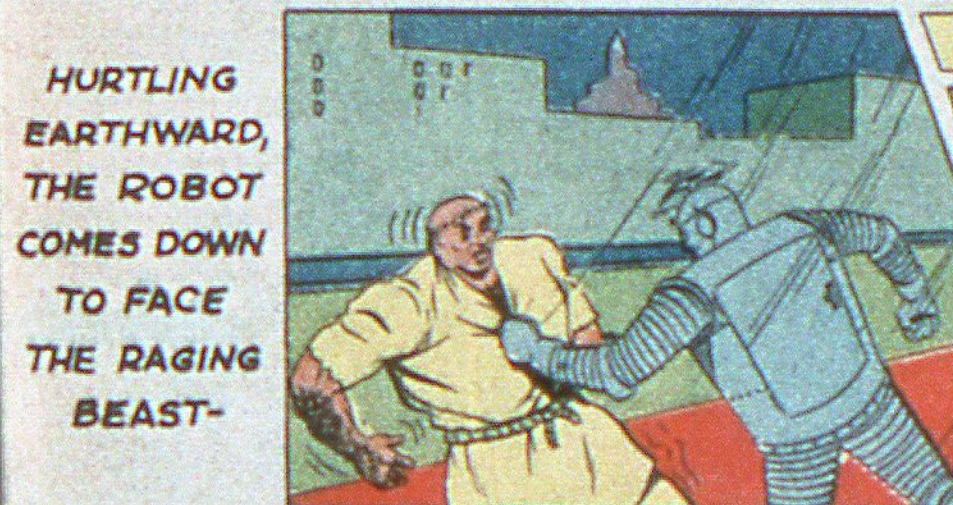
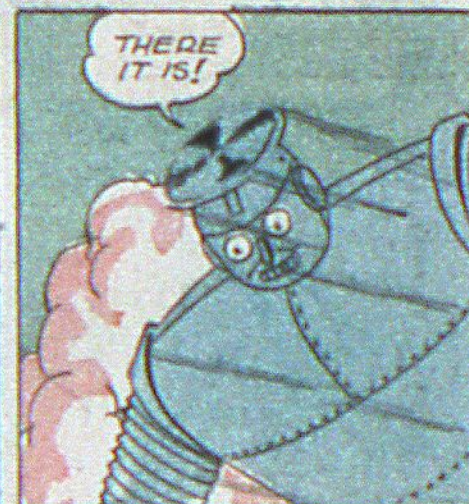
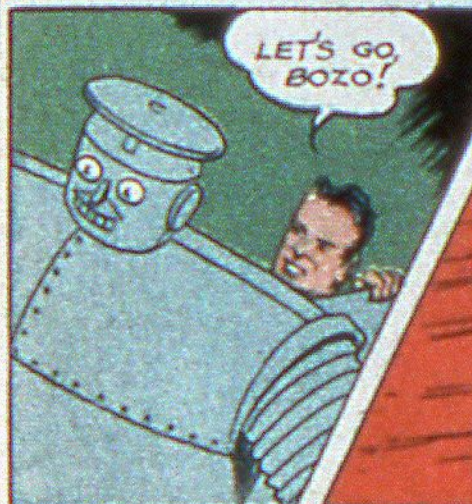
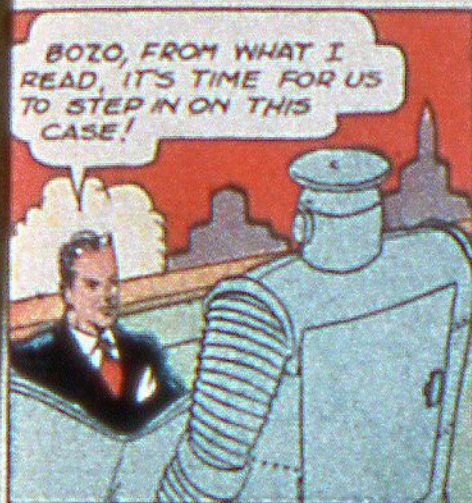


REACHING THROUGH THE WINDOW, THE HUGE PAW GATHERS A FORTUNE IN JEWELS AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE SHADOWS---

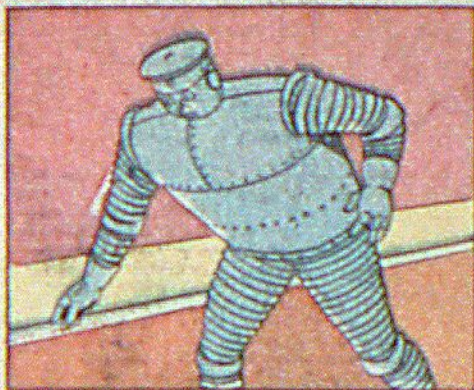


THAT NIGHT--

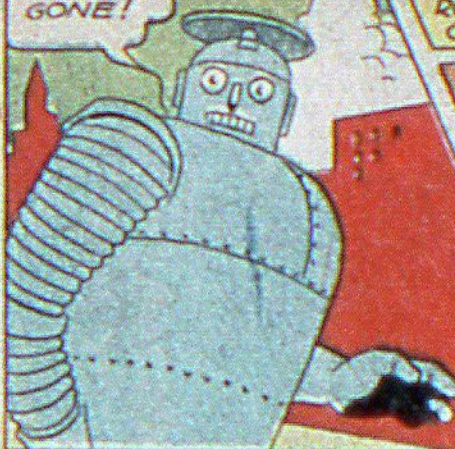




MOMENTARILY STUNNED, THE IRON MAN AGAIN RISES SLOWLY TO HIS FEET---



IT-IT'S GONE!



IN VAIN, HUGH, INSIDE THE ROBOT, STRAINS FOR A SIGHT OF THE BRUTE---



I LET THAT CHANCE SLIP BY---

I MAY AS WELL HEAD HOME!

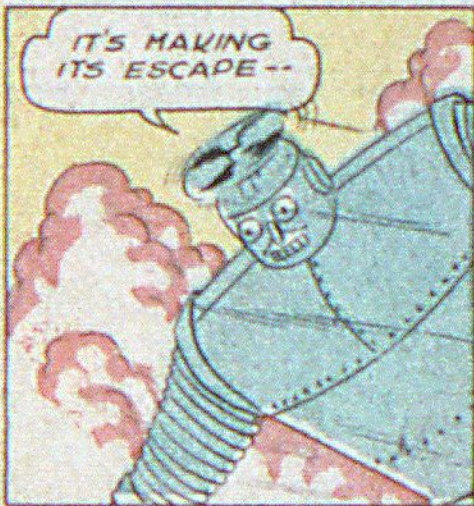


THE NEXT DAY HUGH IS REWARDED WITH ANOTHER CHANCE AT THE THING - BUT INSTEAD OF ATTACKING, HE HOVERS HIGH ABOVE, WHILE THE MONSTER LOOTS A BANK--



I HATE TO LET THAT THING CARRY OUT THIS CRIME -- BUT I HAVE TO MAKE IT LEAD ME TO ITS MASTER---

IT'S MAKING ITS ESCAPE--



- AND THE LUMBERING CREATURE UNWITTINGLY BEATS A PATH TO ITS MAKER---



SO, THAT'S THE PLACE IT CALLS HOME!



I'LL ATTACK THIS THING FROM TWO ANGLES--



BOZO WILL TAKE CARE OF THE MAN MOUNTAIN, AND I'LL GET THE FIEND BEHIND THIS THING -

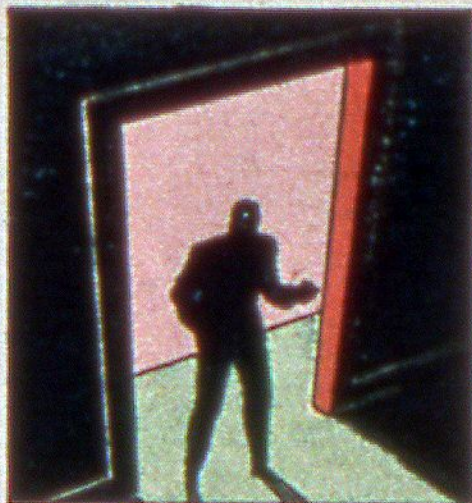


UNLESS HE'S CAUGHT, THIS MAD-MAN COULD EVEN LOSE ONE GIANT AND YET CREATE ANOTHER!

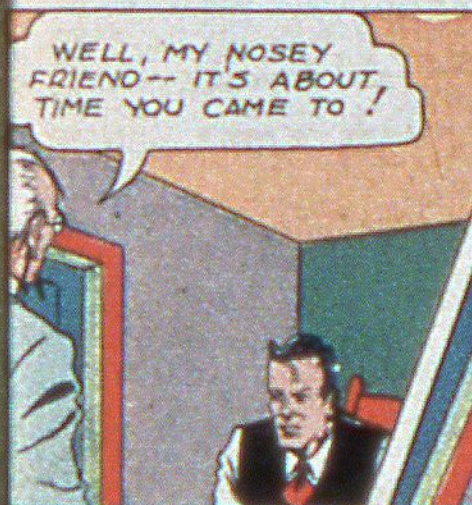




BOZO - I'M GOING
N... I'LL CALL WHEN
I WANT YOU!



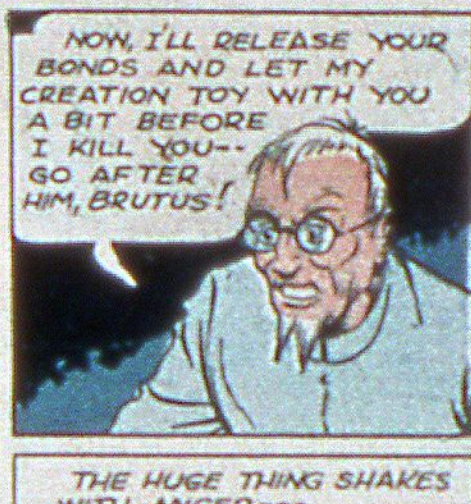
SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING...



WELL, MY NOSEY
FRIEND -- IT'S ABOUT
TIME YOU CAME TO!



MY COAT! -- HE REMOVED
IT -- AND THE CONTROL
BOARD IS UNDER
THE LAPEL!



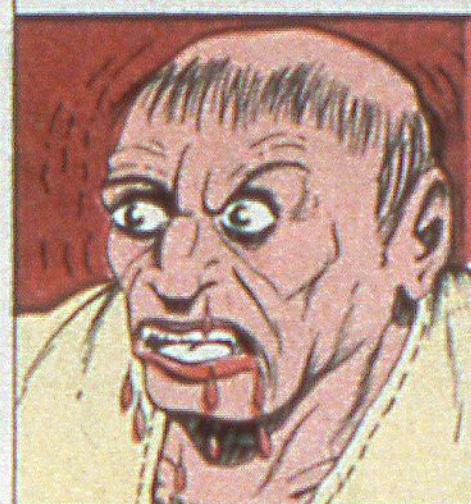
NOW, I'LL RELEASE YOUR
BONDS AND LET MY
CREATION TOY WITH YOU
A BIT BEFORE
I KILL YOU --
GO AFTER
HIM, BRUTUS!



OH YEAH? THAT
THING WILL
PROBABLY LICK
ME --



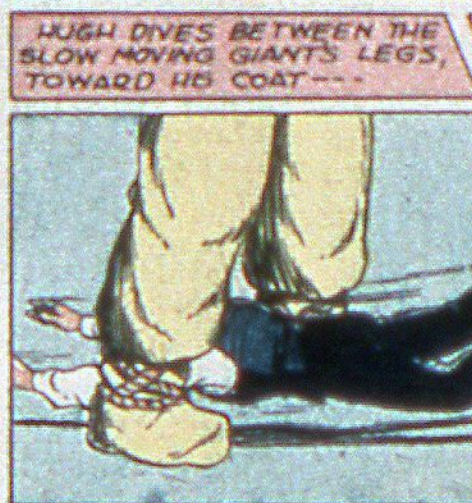
-- BUT BEFORE HE
DOES, HE'LL KNOW
HE'S HAD A
FIGHT -- TAKE
THAT!



THE HUGE THING SHAKES
WITH ANGER --



MY COAT!!
I'VE GOT
ONE
CHANCE --



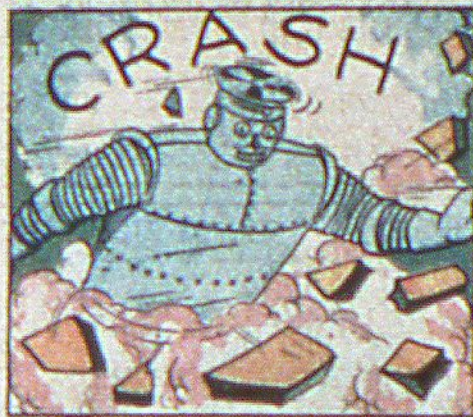
HUGH DIVES BETWEEN THE
SLOW MOVING GIANTS' LEGS,
TOWARD HIS COAT --



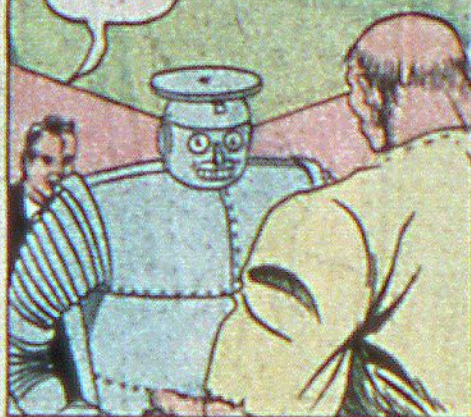
-- AND COMES UP WITH THE
CONTROL BOARD IN HIS HAND --

MADE IT!! --
C'MON,
BOZO!

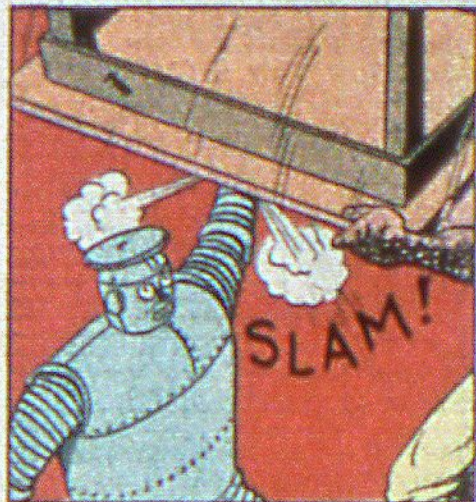
THE ROBOT COMES CRASHING THROUGH THE WALL---



AT HIM, BOZO!



AND THE SICKENING THUD OF METAL AGAINST FLESH ECHOES THROUGH THE ROOM---



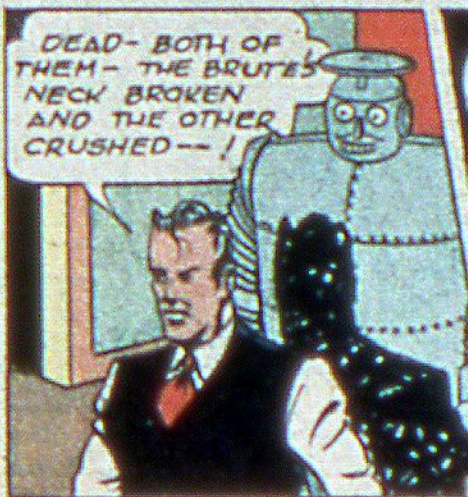
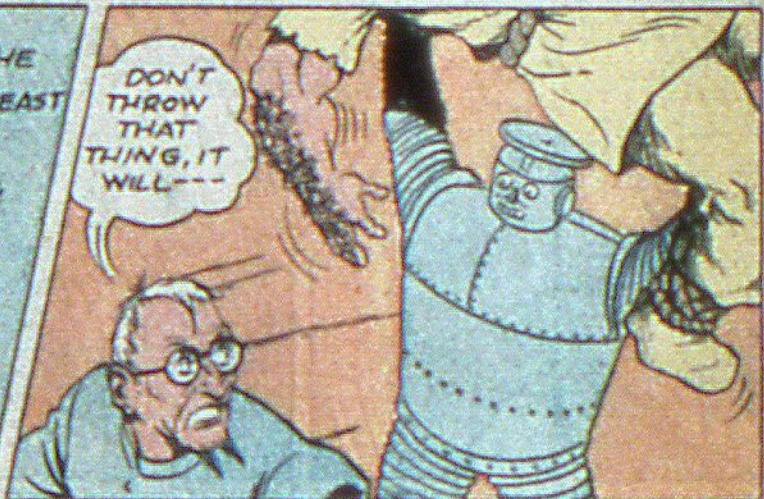
LIKE SECONDS FROM THEIR CORNERS AT THE RINGSIDE, THE TWO MEN HURL ADVICE AND COMMANDS AT THEIR CHARGES-



THE MONSTER'S JAW SMASHES UNDER THE TERRIFIC FORCE OF THE IRON MAN'S FIST--



PICKING THE WEAKENED BEAST UP OVER HIS HEAD, THE ROBOT HURLS THE THING ACROSS THE ROOM--



FOLLOW BOZO THE ROBOT AND HUGH HAZZARD IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF SMASH COMICS.

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After Introductory Sale

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CARDS • CUTS
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TYPE THIS SIZE

SEND NO MONEY

—unless you wish. When the postman brings your press pay \$2 plus 60c for charges (Pacific Coast \$2.85). OR, if you prefer attach \$2 plus 35c postage and SAVE the C.O.D. fee.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
If you are not more than delighted with your press, back comes your money. You take no risk, no obligation. Satisfaction or money back.

1-3 SIZE

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DURING THIS SALE
\$2

The "LITTLE-MAN" works like famous GORDON PRESS

You get real experience—learn to set type, lock up forms, read proof, make ready, get okays, feed the press—learn to love the smell of printer's ink and know the magic of taking a blank piece of paper and printing words that move people, after the manner of Franklin, Greeley, etc. **EXPERIENCE WORTH \$100.** Learning to print is worth a lot. You can print for profit, make money; or for pleasure. You learn an important business. Thousands of big advertising and newspaper men got started in this very way.

MAIL TODAY BEFORE PRICE GOES UP

ART. 250C.

PECK BROTHERS
Whitney Ave., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

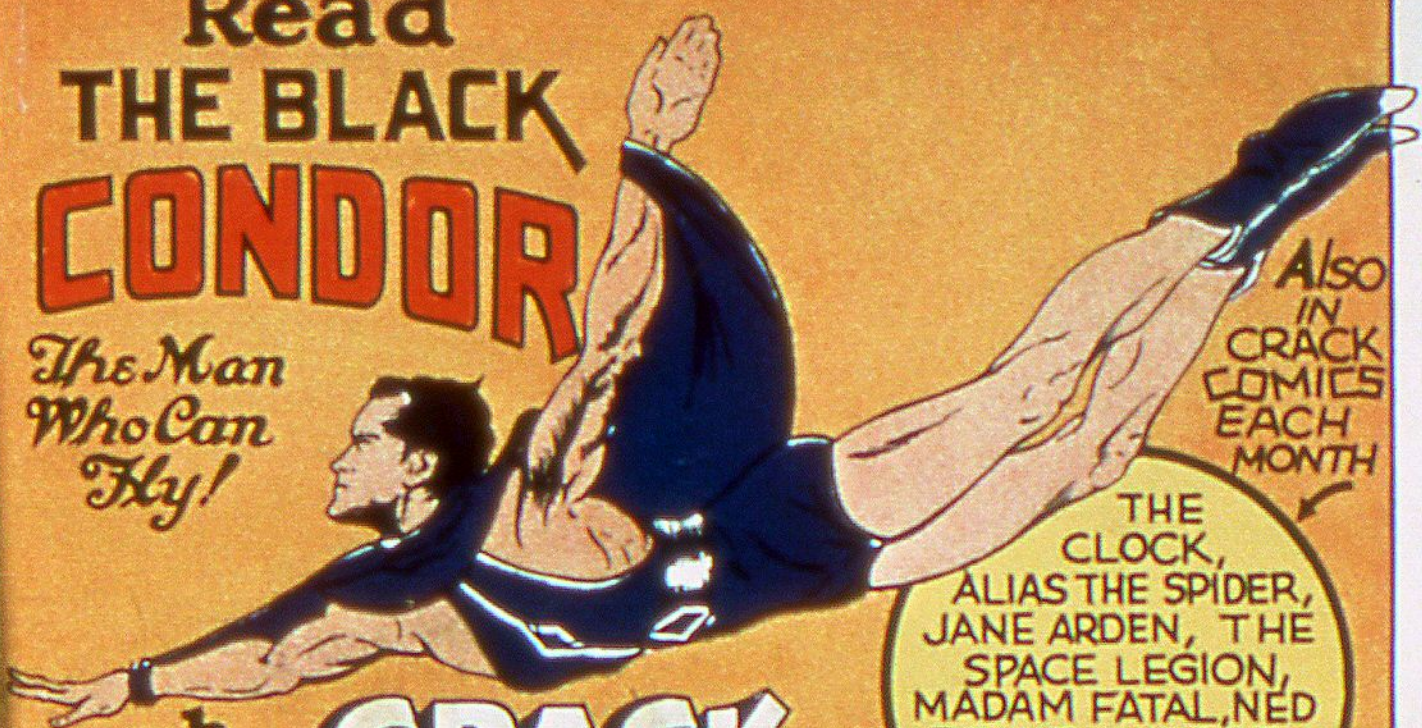
Send One Little-Man Printing Outfit, \$2.60 C.O.D. (Pacific Coast \$2.85). Cash \$2.35. Extra type 50c.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Read THE BLACK CONDOR

The Man
Who Can
Fly!



Also
IN
CRACK
COMICS
EACH
MONTH

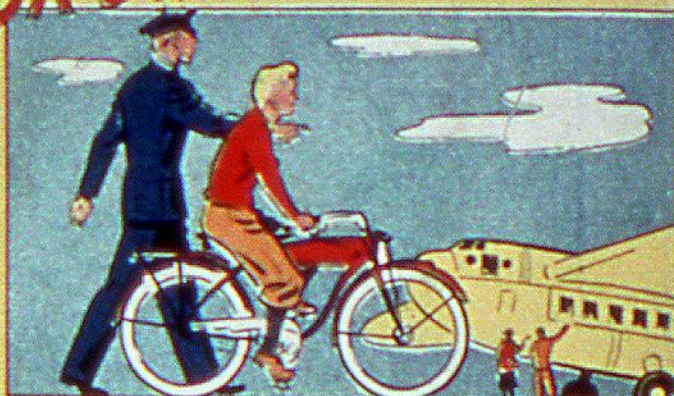
THE
CLOCK,
ALIAS THE SPIDER,
JANE ARDEN, THE
SPACE LEGION,
MADAM FATAL, NED
BRANT, WIZARD
WELLS ~ AND
MANY
OTHERS

Each
Month
in
**CRACK
COMICS**

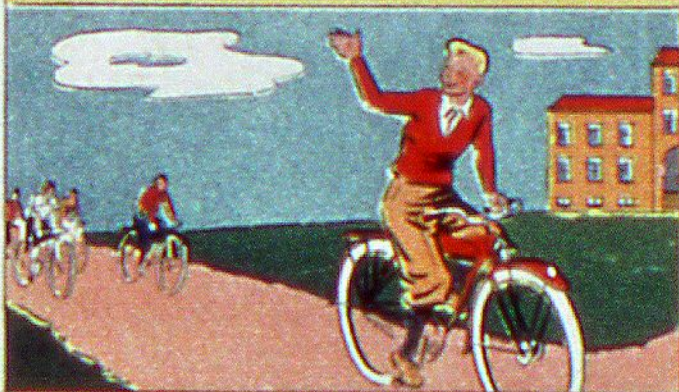
THE SUPER BIKE FOR SUPER BOYS!



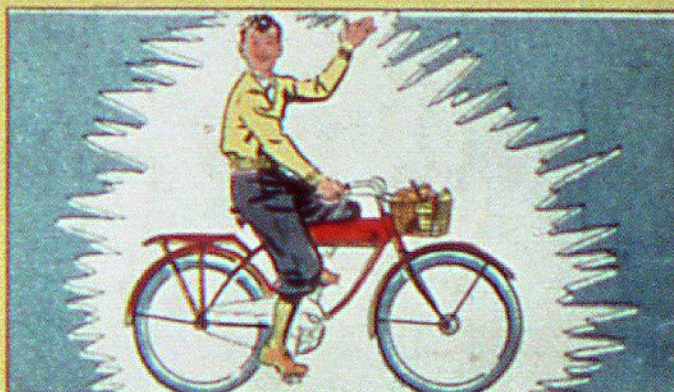
I'm proud of my pal, Uncle Joe;
It's speed and strength we like.
That's why he runs a streamlined train
And I ride a Schwinn-Built bike.



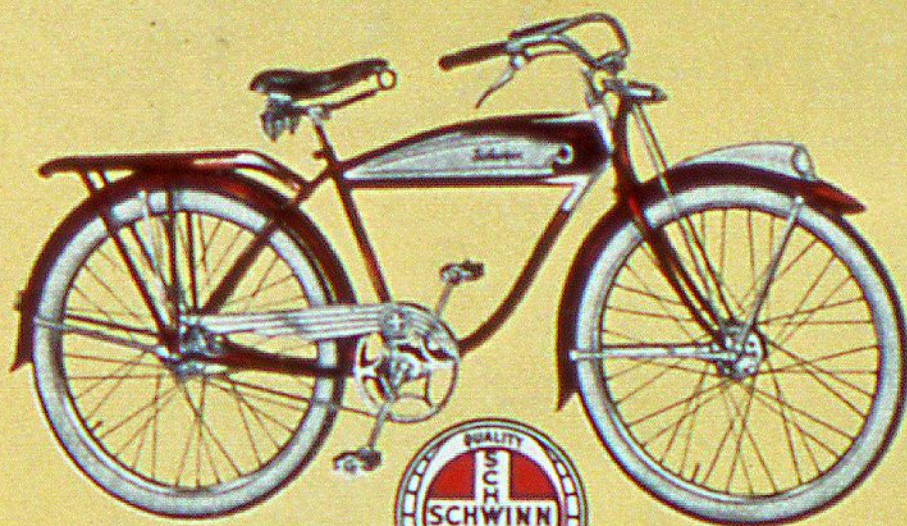
My cousin Harry flies the mail;
His plane is always ready.
He says it's like my Schwinn-Built bike—
So fast and smooth and steady.



Away to school on my Schwinn I go,
Breasting ahead of the rest,
As president of the cycle club
I know what bike is best.



Off on my Schwinn for mother;
Picking up things for dad,
I'm the Minute Man of the family
And a strong and healthy lad.



Bring on all the bikes in the neighborhood. Match them hub to hub. And your Schwinn-Built bicycle will win hands down every time.

Watch your friends' eyes pop when you show them the Spring Fork that changes riding to g-l-i-d-i-n-g . . . the Fore Wheel Brake that brings you to a full stop on a dime . . . the theft-proof Cyclock . . . rear expander brake . . . and many other exclusive Schwinn features.

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